

# Punch

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# August

Our Victorian ancestors seem to have been much concerned with hoops. As children, they bowled them. Later on—if they were of the feminine gender—they wore them. And many people spiked them into lawns and played croquet. It is seldom nowadays that one sees a child with this old-fashioned and admirable toy, but croquet is still with us though it long ago yielded to lawn tennis its position as the most popular of garden games. On the other hand, it was reported not so long ago that the hoop as an adjunct to fashion showed signs of 'coming in' again. It was, in the event, a fleeting visit; nevertheless we welcomed the information—not because our interest in dress is anything more than academic, but because it is part of the business of the Midland Bank to possess up-to-date information on all sorts of subjects which can, on request, be supplied to all sorts of people; and, so peculiar are some of the requests, it is more than likely that one of these days we shall find that we too have become much concerned with hoops.

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# PUNCH

Vol. CCXXXV No. 6155 AUGUST 6 1958

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R.A.F. men at Habbaniya, experiencing little local difficulties with cut-off food supplies, threatened electricity failure, a ring of Iraqi armour and severed communications, were advised to see *The Bridge on the River Kwai* at the station cinema, as the C.O. said their troubles would seem nothing when they saw what Alec Guinness went through. The men were soon whistling the famous theme-tune.

## CHARIVARIA

MR. ROBIN DOUGLAS-HOME's statement to reporters, "I love the piano," suggested that they had been barking up the wrong tree all this time.

NEW fashion dictators keep bursting into the middle pages, but last week seemed no time for M. Pierre Cardin to hit the international headlines with his "mushroom line."

TALK of Mr. Dulles's plan for a new Baghdad Pact, without Irak and with headquarters in Ankara, suggests that there should be a proposal to call it something else.

NORWICH's new £39,000 post office is to have a kitchen, so that the staff can cook their own lunches. At the same



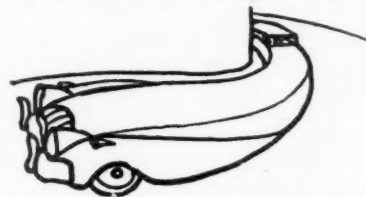
time it is thought that the stimulated taste-buds of customers will make stamp-licking easier than ever before.

CHILDREN should not feel 100 per cent understood, said a delegate to the

congress of the Medical Women's International Association, and told of a little girl who had complained "Doctor, we are suffocated from understanding now."

Teenagers with Do-It-Yourself daddies dread seeing the home psychiatrist's couch delivered to the door.

NEXT YEAR, says the president of Dodge Motors, cars in the U.S.A. will



be bigger than ever. Plans are in hand for the introduction of one-car streets.

"MACMILLAN SUMMIT ANSWER GOES OFF" *Birmingham Mail*

Anyone hurt?

THE *Daily Express* kept staunchly in character with its feature, "Holidays Incognito," in which celebrities trying to get away from it all were candid-camera-shot for five million readers.

THE choice of "Wickie" as the name for America's space-borne mouse has puzzled some people. It was of course the result of a last-minute adjustment after a call from Mr. Disney about copyright.

## Threnody for the London Library

PULL down the libraries, pull down the theatres—

Culture must be made to pay;  
And a lofty range of box-shaped flats or office-blocks,

With the riches that it offers for the rate-collector's coffers

Is much more in the spirit of to-day.





## Punch Diary

**P**ROFOUNDLY and beautifully Welsh was that reply of a Caernarvonshire hill-farmer, when told by a *Guardian* correspondent that his country now had a Prince and asked what he thought of it. "Well now," he said, "myself, I think it will be a very good thing for the boy." The Welsh are proud, not self-consciously but instinctively, and the hill-farmer's first thought was quite naturally that Wales was a very fine thing to be Prince of. And so it is.

There was a lot of Wales, too, in the pronouncement of a Cardiff citizen, when asked to account for the poor attendance on the opening day of the Empire Games at Cardiff Arms Park. "Athletics is athletics," he admitted, "but Rugby football, man, is Rugby football." And so it is. Plenty of writers have pointed out that some knowledge of the Welsh language will be a sure way for the young Prince to win the hearts of his Principality; but there is a surer and, to a boy like Prince Charles, perhaps an even more attractive way. A deceptive side-step and a good turn of speed down the middle—that would be something else again. The most ardent Welshman will hardly dare to dream that his Prince might one day wear the red jersey (the English would stop it, man); but any one of them would tell you that it would be a very good thing for the boy.

### Keep it Clean

**M**R. RUPERT SPEIR'S well-mentioned bill which makes it an offence, punishable by a fine of ten pounds, to leave litter lying about,

becomes law on Thursday of this week. I hardly imagine it will have the success it deserves. In Kensington, signs are attached to the lamp-posts in particularly vulnerable spots pointing out that it is an offence against the by-laws to permit a dog to foul the pavement; you can almost hear the mocking laughs of the burgesses of Kensington as they lead their dogs up and down below them, encouraging them to do on public property what they would be beaten for doing in the house, and I have never known anyone prosecuted for it.

Mr. Speir's bill would have had a flying start if it could have been accelerated by three days, and, just for the first twenty-four hours of its existence, enforced with the utmost rigour of the law. The amount that could have been amassed from a ten-pound fine for every piece of litter dropped on Bank Holiday would have kept a fair-sized ministry going for a year.

### Shadow and Substance

**R**EGULAR members of television discussion panels, says one critic, are "getting noticeably chubbier"; he recommends them to study someone or other who isn't, "to see how effective a thin face can be." This, surely, heralds an addition to the anxieties already besetting TV celebrities, and may in the end send them retreating back to their proper jobs, on the newspapers, in the universities, at the excavation sites, where they can be as chubby as they please without worrying about slumped popularity ratings. For those with no other visible means of support it will mean rigorous dieting and exercise, and a consequent inrush of revenue for the proprietors of slimming preparations. This last consideration might be worth a thought. Before going on to their little yellow pills they should

get a short film sequence in the can. In six months' time they'll be in a position to produce a really sensational "Before" and "After" commercial for ITV.

### Not so Hot

**T**HE dog-days, which finish after the week-end, were thought by the ancients to bring such heat upon the world that the season was marked by sickness in men and mania in dogs. Perhaps Sirius is getting old and toothless or has been muzzled. Perhaps he snapped harder amid the olive groves than he does on the Air Ministry roof. Taking this latest set of dog-days as a whole, I cannot help feeling yet once more that the ancients got their reputation for grasp rather easily. But it was not only the ancients. My *Dictionary of Quotations* reminds me that among the poesy crop of 1623 was John Taylor the Water Poet's *A Very Merry Wherry-Ferry Voyage*, which contains the line "The dogged dog-days had begun to bite." The modern dog-day tends to have more the temperature and humidity of the dog-fish.

### Dig those Votes

**N**O ONE can say the Liberals aren't trying. For years one of the rifest theories I know has been that a deep, rich vein of the precious metal of Liberalism stretched in massive bulk far and wide below the crust of political life, seldom seen at voting level. No more of the dreamy prospector's wistful cry "There's gold in them thar hills"; they're going to dig for it. Householders last week received a postcard from the Home Counties Liberal Federation saying: "If you are a Conservative or a Socialist we respect your views. We are locating the Liberals. If you are a Liberal will you kindly sign and post this card. No stamp is needed."

## Points of Contact

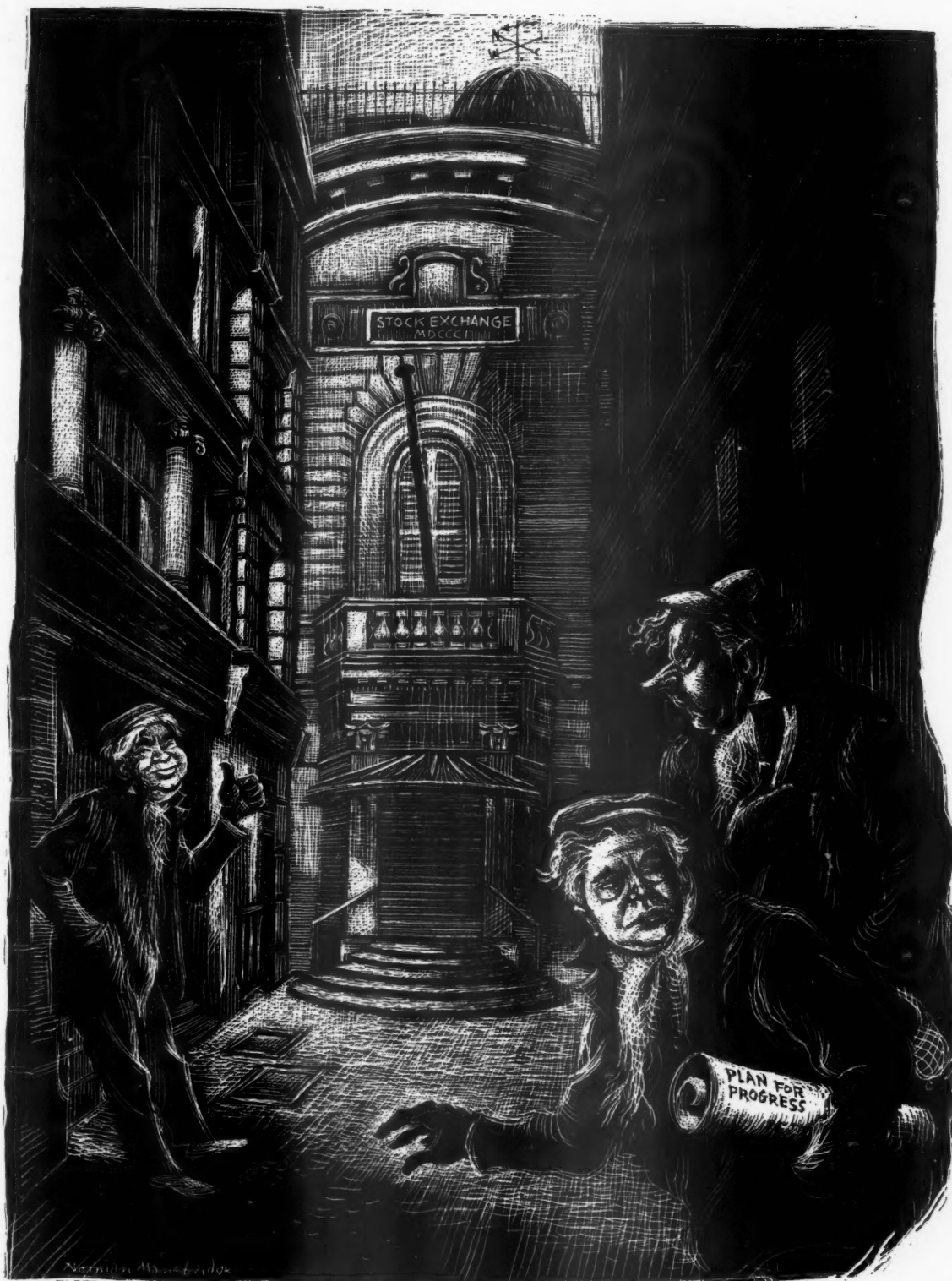
**I**DANCED with a man who'd danced with a girl who'd danced with the Prince of Wales . . .

Wistful matrons recall the song, the glamour that still prevails.

Now a new generation takes the field, with rather similar tales—

*I bowled to a boy who once hit a six off a ball from the Prince of Wales.*

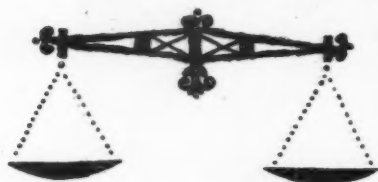




CASING THE JOINT

*Aspects of modern thought and behaviour*

## WESTERN APPROACHES : Democracy



### APATHY IS THE ENEMY

By HUGH MASSINGHAM

**B**EFORE we can discuss whether democracy in this country can survive it might be as well to try to define what democracy is—or, rather, what it should be. Democracy does not say that all men are equal; to do so would be a manifest absurdity. We are not equal either in mind or in heart. You are cleverer than I am, handsomer than I am; certainly you are very different. Anybody who thinks of democracy in these terms will inevitably end in rejecting it. He will ask with Alcibiades, "Why should we discuss acknowledged madness?"

When democrats talk about equality they mean something much deeper and more mystical. They are asserting that, spiritually, all men are equally valuable, that all men are born with the right to find their own path and fulfil themselves in their own way. It is not a self-evident proposition and it cannot be proved logically. Democracy, in fact, is a faith.

Democracy does not merely mean universal suffrage: for it is quite possible to give everybody the vote and yet not have democracy. If counting heads were the only end, then Stalin and Hitler were model democrats: they were so loved and wonderful and liberal that 99·9 per cent of their peoples voted for them. Even in Britain it has not been exactly unknown for our rulers to use the trappings of democracy in order to thwart it. Every annual Labour Party conference and Congress of the T.U.C. can provide us with illuminating lessons on the gentle art of cooking the books. A day or two before a debate a few of the leading members of the hierarchy meet in an hotel snuggery and talk things over. Between them they have enough votes to overwhelm the critics. So over nourishing stout, after round after round, after a good deal of

murderous horse-trading, it is agreed that a certain resolution shall be supported and a certain resolution opposed. The subsequent debate on the floor is a charade.

Nor should we be surprised or horrified by this. Overgrown societies such as ours must inevitably have organizations if they are to work; we have to have officials and experts and civil servants, and these gentlemen naturally come to resent any interference from such ignoramuses as you and I. They come to believe that they not only know more about their jobs than we do—which is almost certainly true—but that they infallibly know what is good for us. And this is precisely what every dictator, from Cæsar to Hitler, has always believed.

**D**URING the worst days of the 1940s, with the German armies rampaging across France, A. D. Lindsay, the then Master of Balliol, went down to the B.B.C. and gave a series of broadcasts on democracy. To think of those times is immediately, and rightly, to remember Winston Churchill's speeches. The rich stumbling voice,

the outrageous mispronunciations, the scorn and the contempt—how can we ever forget them? But Lindsay also deserves his niche in the Valhalla of those times. Monday after Monday this brave and wise man continued to explain his thesis. Amiens fell, the Belgian armies surrendered, Dunkirk was surrounded, and Lindsay went on speaking the truth as he saw it. He must have known that if the Germans overwhelmed England—and in the dread June of 1940 that seemed at least a possibility—he would pay for every word.

Lindsay's thesis was that, fundamentally, democracy depends on discussion. The people have not merely to elect their government, which can sometimes give them an illusion of democracy; they must know that they are important and that they have made a contribution to society. They may not agree with the government or with its policies—that is not the point. They have played their part, humble though it may be, in deciding their own destinies. This may seem highfalutin language, but Lindsay points out that discussion in a democracy has a very practical value. "When," he says, "men who are serving a common purpose meet to pool their experience, to air their difficulties and even their discontents, there comes about a real process of collective thinking. The narrowness and one-sidedness of each person's point of view are corrected, and something emerges which each can recognize as embodying the truth of what he stood for, and yet (or rather therefore) is seen to serve the purpose of the society better than what anyone conceived for himself." Exactly. Or it can be put in another way. There is nobody so clever who cannot learn from



simpler people. In fact it could be said that the cleverer we are the more we are in need of correction.

On this thesis, then—that democracy means discussion—let us try to examine the chances of its survival in the England of to-day. The signs are not particularly hopeful. So far as one can judge, the public is stupefied by a vast boredom. Discussion has almost stopped. In some parts of England, for instance, not more than 12 per cent of the electorate bothered to vote during the municipal elections. The same deadly apathy has been creeping over the trade union movement. A dozen or so stalwarts turn up at branch meetings and decide policy; the rest are so uninterested that they hurry home to spend a more exhilarating evening over the telly. Besides, they probably suspect that the result will be cooked whether they attend or not. Looking at all this, it seems quite clear that something new has happened and that the average man no longer feels that he is a unique being or has an important place in society.

IF we glance back at the hundred years that followed the great Reform Bill of 1832 there is surely one striking fact that stands out. There was usually a ferment going on somewhere—a time when the sap was rising even when the tree seemed old and dead. Sometimes the inspiration came from the political parties. Sometimes it came from the churches, and indeed it was the Protestant sects—the Independents, the Anabaptists and the Quakers—who were chiefly responsible for the democratic demands of the 17th century. Those are distant times, but the churches have also had an influence on our own politics. The reason why British Socialism differs from the Continental varieties is largely because it was born in the ugly Nonconformist chapels of Britain. The pioneers were rarely cold and ruthless Marxists. They saw Socialism as a practical form of Christianity, and when they thought of its ultimate triumph the vision that upheld them was of an earthly paradise where man would cease to exploit his brother and the lion would turn vegetarian and lie down contentedly with the lamb. It is no accident that Lindsay quotes several passages from the Bible. He was never very far away from the pulpit in his defence of democracy. Thus he uses



*"Gentlemen, I am happy to report that our finances are not only gleaming, not only dazzling, but bright, bright, brightest of all."*

these words from St. Paul: "There can be neither Jew nor gentile, there can be neither bond nor free, there can be neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

What ferment exists to-day is by no means reassuring. One must go delicately at this point because Liberals are apt to get incensed when anybody talks about Poujadism in Britain. They are quite right, of course, to be angry if we use the word in its literal sense—if we are thinking in terms of a semi-Fascist organization of small shopkeepers. Nor is it fair in any way to suggest that the Liberals or their representatives in the by-elections have been deliberately demagogic. They have not. On the contrary they have not only resisted temptation but have comically behaved like elder statesmen, already overcome by the thought that they might become Ministers of the Crown before many days had passed. No, when people talk about Poujadism in England they mean that many voters

who decided to support the Liberal did not do so because of some lucky vision of the truth or because they had become convinced of the rightness of Liberal policies. Their vote was against something, not for something: it was a demonstration of unthinking belly-ache. If that merely led to the return of a few more Liberal M.P.s there would be no great harm in it; indeed some of us may feel that the House of Commons could do with a lot more independent voices. But it would be dangerous if this hatred of the two major parties ended in a hatred of democracy itself. We might then soon move into a new and explosive situation.

THEN there are our politicians. There they go, day after day and week after week, voting for things they do not really believe in and thumping out emotions that they do not feel. Sometimes they are cowardly, as when the Tory back-benchers do not speak up against Mr. Duncan Sandys's defence





policy, and sometimes they are plainly dishonest as when the Labour Party promises to "repeal" the Rent Act. But, as always in a democracy, their failure is also ours. If we understood what democracy is about, if we took part in our local political associations and turned up at our trade union branches, our present society would be much livelier and healthier than it is at the moment.

DEMOCRACY is a dynamic, even a revolutionary, creed. "Really," says Colonel Rainboro in the great debate on this subject in Cromwell's army, "I think the poorest he that is in

England hath a life to live as the richest he." To say this is at once to pose profound social and economic problems. This is by no means the common interpretation of democracy in modern England. Democracy is seen as a comfortable and comforting belief: it is even assumed that it implies the maintenance of the *status quo*. Give people the vote and we need not bother about them any longer—that is the attitude. To think like this is not only to make a mockery of democracy: we are pronouncing its doom. Once people come to feel that democracy stands in the way of their legitimate aspirations, once they feel that its slogans are phony

and have been thought out deliberately to mislead, they will inevitably turn to some other form of government.

"When men or movements," Lindsay says, "respond to challenge, they renew their strength." There never was a time when we were faced with a greater challenge than now. We have to solve our economic and social problems. We have to adjust ourselves to a changed world. In a sense we have to find a new synthesis, a new brotherhood in our society. Unless we accept this fact and look upon it as an exhilarating test of our democratic beliefs one of two things will happen. We shall either become more and more passive and crummier and crummier. "We couldn't care less" will be our national slogan as it has been in France. Or we shall start searching for a saviour, accept some form of paternalism and end up in bondage. If that ever happens there will be no looking back. You cannot have second thoughts in a totalitarian state.

Next week's article in this series will be by ANTONY HOPKINS.

Other contributors will be:

MONICA FURLONG

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MAURICE RICHARDSON

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JOHN WAIN

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## Doing Business in New York By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

A LITTLE BOOK CALLED *New York on a Dollar Allowance\** has just appeared on the book-stalls. It has everything, including a foreword by Douglas Fairbanks, K.B.E., D.S.O., United States Navy (retired), and I recommend it most warmly and almost without reservations. There are chapters on hotels, eating, entertainment, shopping, tipping, sight-seeing and so on and so forth—all admirable—and it is only against a section devoted

\* By K. Westcott Jones (*Rockliff*, 5/-)

to "doing business" that I can offer the mildest criticism.

The author winds up his words of wisdom with a number of musts for the British visitor, and it is with these that I find myself at variance. Here they are:

(1) *Make sure that you have a "good" address. All too many Americans won't even ring you back and certainly won't consider calling upon you if your address is not in an "acceptable" part of town.*

My experience refutes this argument. I remember staying at a crummy joint

at 137 East 33rd or 33 East (it might have been West) 137th, an address so bad that the commissionaire wore a false moustache and the milk roundsman's horse galloped past with its head in a nosebag. I was selling washers and bearings, and I left my card with a certain Hank Pardessus, a big importer with an office on Fifth Avenue. On my second evening in New York, when I was busy repairing the wash-basins with Scotch tape, the telephone rang.

"Why, hello there," said Hank.

"By jiminy, it takes you Limeys to hunt out the cute dives. That place really must be somethin', eh? Mind if I bring the girl out—Mrs. Pardessus, that is—to look it over?"

"No, of course not," I said. "The only thing is . . ."

"Initiative, that's what you guys have. I like it. The girl reckons you picked that dump because it reminds you of London, England. Right? So why shouldn't we get an eyeful of it too? Cheaper'n going all the way across the big ocean, eh? Tell you what, sir, we'll take dinner with you in that flop, and don't forget the soggy cabbage and tea!"

Hank and his wife seemed to enjoy their evening out, and I got the biggest order for five-eighths washers I've ever had.

(2) *Don't be reticent about what you have to offer and don't overplay the inhibited, reserved "Englishman"!*

This takes me back to the Algonquin where over cocktails I met two playboys from Dallas, Texas, and managed to sell a 1933 Morris for \$2,500 cash. I was inhibited that night because frankly

I couldn't understand a word of the Texans' banter; I was reserved because the Texans couldn't make much of my English accent. I can't claim that I was reticent about the car, though, because I left it parked outside the hotel and had the police at our table midway through the first Manhattan.

"You can have it," I told the officer. "Take it away."

"Listen, bub," said the first playboy, "don't let this Yankee sonofa pull anything."

"All right," I said, "you can have it."

(3) . . . *Do not get involved in big groups in expensive bars when you may not be able to face a bill for a complete round of drinks, but on the other hand do not plead dollar restrictions if you can see your way clear financially to play host at a bar.*

Well, there was one time I did plead dollar restrictions. What happened was that a man with a beard not only paid my round but handed me \$500 merely to take a small parcel back to England. I took it back and posted it to Hatton Garden as requested. Ridiculous. Naturally I didn't declare it to the Customs men, because I honestly

didn't know what it contained. Some elaborate American joke, I imagine.

In Chicago I once offered to buy "rye on the rocks twice" for upwards of thirty men in a bedroom. How I got there in the first place is a long story connected with Nebraska Tractor Inc., ball-bearings, an off-beat joke that I tell rather well, and a lot of salted nuts, but when I made my offer there was a lot of laughter, derisive laughter.

I looked hurt and a fellow from Omaha took me aside. "It's on the house, friend," he said. "The convention takes care of all the junketing. Good thing, too, this lot would've set you back plenty."

We became firm friends and I flogged him two thousand gross of our maker's reject pin-toggles.

(4) *Write for appointments wherever possible rather than telephone . . . Some British voices are not even understood on the 'phone, especially by busy New Yorkers of Central European extraction.*

I always 'phone—because I have found that busy New Yorkers, especially those of Central European extraction, do not understand my writing.



Americans, in my experience, are unfailingly courteous on the 'phone to anyone nice enough to repeat "You're welcome" at ten-second intervals . . .

"Could I speak to Mr. P. T. Netherley, please?"

"Your name?"

"You're welcome—Hollowood."

"One moment, please . . . I'm sorry, sir, Mr. Netherley is in conference."

"You're welcome."

"One moment, please . . . I've contacted Mr. Netherley, sir. He will talk to you now."

"Would you prefer me to write what I have to say, Mr. Netherley?"

"Listen, Mac, time means money around here. What gives?"

"You're welcome, Mr. Netherley, it's about stock-washers for your new fleet of beams."

"Heck, how'd you know about the new beams anyway?"

"Well, sir, I heard them mentioned over this 'phone a few seconds ago. You were in conference, but I couldn't help overhearing part of the discussion."

"You're smart, Englander, real smart. Come on over and sell me."

I sold him. Sure did.

(5) *Face the fact that although some 10 per cent of New Yorkers in executive positions think the world of Britain, British goods, and British people, 50 per cent consider us second-raters, and the remainder are indifferent anyway . . .*

Only 50 per cent consider us second-raters? I disagree. The figure is nearer a hundred. But then roughly the same percentage of British people consider the Americans second-raters. This is the fact to be faced. Let a New Yorker know that you consider him second-rate and he will eat out of your hand . . .

I was at a respectable downtown night-club one night, sipping ginger ale on the rocks and listening to a very fair imitation of jazz, when my guest jockeyed me into an international dispute. He made some slighting remark about Britain's security precautions.

"What's so second-rate," I said, "about employing Americans as mercenaries? We used to use Germans, Hanoverians and so on; now we use you fellows. Our country's full of Americans—all of 'em ready to fight for us."

"I guess so," he said miserably, "to the last dollar."

"And what's so second-rate about a nation that prefers to brave a northern climate without central heating, that lives outdoors even when indoors? We're a race of he-men, brother."

"Never thought of it that way," said the New Yorker.

"We come over here," I said, "to a country supposedly tops in manufacturing and technology and we sell you engineering products over a tariff wall. Don't we?" I added, keeping the note of anxiety in my voice well under control.

"You're darned right you do, you sonof . . ."

"Steady on," I said, "or I may take my business elsewhere." If I remember rightly he bought 24,500 long tons of pin-dabblers for scranting.

As I say, *New York on a Dollar Allowance* is a very useful book.

## On the Look-out

By LESLIE MARSH

I HAVE been a trained observer all my life (the bronzed, wiry, rather perky young man was telling me over a quiet glass of arrack in a Beirut waterfront café on his night off), railway engines when very young, birds and butterflies as I grew up, aircraft recognition during the war, and social survey research among detergent users in civvy street, so naturally I was a turn-up for the book for this United Nations job, though they don't talk like that; they said I appeared eminently fitted by environmental history and habits for the duty.

But it was a tough assignment, this watching infiltration into the Lebanon from Syria and, so they say now, possibly Kuwait and Irak. There were several hundred miles of frontier to worry about and we were a bit thin on the ground. There's only 139 of us all told, though they're talking of putting us up to 200 officers plus other ranks. And you'd be surprised how like a Lebanese a Syrian looks from a distance when the light is fading. It's not as if we had any of those well-printed



"It's for Mr. Murchison's little boy Tommy."





"Now I can see why they say it wasn't built in a day."

colour-plates with clear, simple captions to guide us as we boy birdwatchers did if we were a bit foxed for a moment between a kestrel and a sparrowhawk. You see, you've got three types to look out for in the Middle East: long-headed and slender, long-headed but with skulls rounder in contour, and round-headed. You can't very well whip a pair of callipers round a man's skull without so much as a by your leave, especially when you haven't been introduced and you don't know the lingo. True, you pick up a bit as you go along; you might say "Let's have a shufti," but "Pardon me while I measure your cranium" is a teaser in schoolboy Arabic, when there are wide variations in dialect between localities—and, mark you, some Aramaic survivals persist.

Infiltration's a tricky thing to spot at the best of times. It's a furtive business. No one ever wrote a stirring regimental march for infiltrators, like *Men of Harlech*, where a bar or two of music caught on the breeze could clue you up right away. Infiltrymen, as you might call them, are very smart at fieldcraft in

this part of the world; you never catch a group of suckers skylining themselves on a ridge where the shape of their heads would be a sheer gift.

And then there are these women, often carrying jars, in long black robes that hide practically the lot—there's a cast-iron disguise, and how do you pick out the suspects? One dusky evening a colleague of mine pointed to one and said "That's no lady, that's a Syrian infiltrator," but I dared him to challenge her because these Middle East types cut up very nasty if you start talking casually to their womenfolk.

Of course, you try to read up the background a bit on the off-chance some of them may speak English, but you haven't really got the status to launch out on a cross-examination. It's not always easy to test their place of origin by steering the conversation round where you want it and asking them "How far east do you come from—would it be as far, say, as the Hauran, long famous for its grains and usually growing a surplus for export, or are you perhaps from Hama, with its

water-wheel, or Aleppo, celebrated for its gardens?"

They reckon a good man can spot the different sects, which is certainly a help, but me, I'm none too sure off-hand between a Sunnite and a Shiite, or, come to that, an Alawite and a Druze. East Syrians and West Syrians pronounce their vowels differently—very handy, I grant you, as a pointer if you're having a long chat, but then the language of the Maronites, who live mainly in Lebanon, is exactly the same as the West Syrians', so where are you, in a manner of speaking?

I see some chaps in Parliament have been saying we were reluctant to report what we had seen. Well, they're welcome to have a go. There's a mountain range on the frontier called Anti-Lebanon; maybe they got mixed and thought that was us. And one of the places infiltrators could have come from was Latakia, where they get the tobacco Sherlock Holmes smoked. I dare say he could have spotted an Ismailian from a Yezidian by the sand on his shoes, but not me.

Fry

# Araminta Sees it Through

By SIRIOL HUGH-JONES



"Ah, now let's see what the news is . . .



. . . children find corpse on bombed site . . .



. . . body in well identified . . .



. . . couple vanish overboard on cruise . . .

**D**OCUMENTARY, mourned so long in England, is right back on the map with a film called *To End with a Curtsey*. Shooting is now in progress, and the film will present a picture of the last London Season to include real presentation-type debs. This moving epitaph will open with "a flutter of gossiping girls" (I quote from the publicity handout), take in a rapid historical sketch of the "development of the ritual" through those spacious days when it was "a passport to society," and includes a visit to Hartnell, a Mum's tea-party, a curtseying-class, and "the actual social high-lights of the Season."

The lead in *Curtsey*—a "typical deb"—will be undertaken by Miss Diana Stoneham, who is eighteen and has "complete poise and a variety of interests." Leaving boring old school at fifteen, she plunged into "a bewildering variety of courses—dressmaking and modelling alternating with the History of Art, and Literature and Stage Dancing with Music Lessons" before being "whirled into the social stream."

A rival company had already been pottering around in the Chelsea-Knightsbridge maquis and groping towards a similar dynamic theme, but on hearing of *Curtsey* they abandoned their project (its working title was *Goodnight, Sweet Ladies*, and a big production number had been mooted called "Buck House Rock"). Somebody was going to ask the Duchess of Argyll to write the commentary, Lady Lewis-ham to speak it, and Robin Douglas-Home to provide the incidental lyrics,

but unhappily things never got past the early treatment stage . . .

The opening shots establish our heroine, Araminta Battersea-Brown, at home in her Chelsea atelier. She is a well-built nymph of five-foot eleven in her mauve nylons. She has a gamine trick of pushing her knee-length fringe out of her eyes while she is sorting out her bewildering variety of interests, and just now she is standing in front of her mirror dreaming girlhood's tender thoughts and trying on a tiara.

ARAMINTA: Oh goodness, to think that at last I can give up these courses in archery, skin-diving and Mediæval Provençal, and whirl into the social stream. Mum is having her Tea-Party and so soon I shall be photographed in high-key by Tony Armstrong-Jones and learn how to defend my ideals in taxis. Ah, Life! Life! What does the future hold in store for me? Will Mr. Hartnell allow me to wear the chemise line to Ascot? Is our modest lily-pond big enough for the Hon. Patrick Penney to swim in? Will I ever get to The Garden Party?

Araminta dissolves, with perfect poise, and there follows a rapid historical sequence showing Louise de Kérouaille and Nell Gwynne being presented to Charles II (Nell says "Your Majesty, this is in troth a passport to society," and hands the Queen an orange because she is a good-hearted girl and doesn't like anyone to feel left out); Mrs. Fitzherbert curtseying to Prinny; George III congratulating Fanny



. . . police probe tenement tragedy . . .



. . . student falls from crag . . .

Burney on Evelina at Queen Charlotte's Ball, etc. The Research Department can check all this stuff and get it in the right order. Query Lily Langtry?

Cut to Ascot. Araminta is glimpsed through the rain wearing her off-the-peg trapeze in a giant-cabbage-rose print, her hair gracefully cascading down from under a straw sou'-wester. She waves gaily to Tanfield, William Hickey, Ephraim Hardcastle, Iris Ashley, Eileen Ascroft, and Miss Lola Wigan. The Racing Correspondent of the *Dubbo Dispatch* waves back.

ARAMINTA, in stunning close-shot showing one eye through fringe and rain: "Goodness, how deliciously awful and boring it all is. I can't wait for the action-painting and part-time missionary work in the Black Death Colony in Belgravia. Only three more days of these adorable boring horses and there'll be Zenobio's party at the Hotel Majestic at Broadstairs with yards and yards of real silk chiffon swagging round the Season to be over and I can return to my Reception Desk and all the waiters dressed as Volga Boatmen. Shall I make In London Last Night by the end of the Season?"

We cut to a fast montage of horses, jockeys, Aly Khan, Cecil Beaton, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, Mrs. Jayne Aspinall, and four Peers excitedly drinking tea. Gaiety, elegance and laughter pervade the festive scene. Long shot, through driving rain, of Araminta enjoying a joke with a passing horse. Henrietta Tiarks is overheard to say "Mine's off-the-peg."

We follow Araminta to romantic, cultural Glyndebourne, where her Music Lessons come in useful and she eats strawberries in the rain. The Earl

of Harewood passes. A flautist shows Araminta a sharp tip for improving her croquet game, and she enjoys a joke with a programme-seller. At romantic, leafy Henley she meets the Fashion Editress of *Vogue* between cloudbursts and they discuss the importance of realizing that day-time sporting occasions do not call for cocktail dresses and tiaras. At Araminta's first romantic, colourful Commem, several young men shoot deer and lay the antlers at her feet, setting aside some good cuts for an early-morning barbecue on Port Meadow. Several other young men throw lumps of sugar and swim the Cherwell. Araminta is offered champagne and the editorship of *Isis*. Lord David Cecil passes talking rapidly to

Sir Isaiah Berlin, but it is raining too hard for us to catch what he says.

The last reel is devoted to 'The Garden Party, the climax of Araminta's career. Here, while thousands cheer, Araminta fights her way through the surging masses, stands on a chair and waves to William Hickey. He waves back. Joy Matthews makes a note. Araminta's Mum's eyes fill with tears. Her little girl, a woman now, can go forward into modelling sportswear during the Tea-Time Fashion Show.

Araminta, poignantly, brushing her wayward fringe away for the last time: "Goodness, after me the deluge." The rain breaks. Princess Margaret's detective passes. Slow, slow, deeply moving fade.

## These Backward Times

*Faster flying means headaches with the clock*

By SIR MILES THOMAS

ONLY five hours ago, when in a hut on Canton Island at a dismal 4 a.m. I was madly licking strips of Gilbert and Ellice Islands stamps for the benefit of a philatelically minded god-child, it was Tuesday. Now it is well after breakfast time on Wednesday and in point of fact, if head-winds had not caused this aircraft to call at mid-Pacific Canton for more gas (petrol to you), I would have been bereft of a Tuesday altogether in this week.

And far stranger things are going to happen when the new jet-liners get on these Pacific routes. Travellers will be able to record in their diaries that they arrived in some place on such and such

a day and in the space devoted to the following day will describe their departure therefor.

Take, for example, the trip from Sydney, Australia, to Honolulu in Hawaii. Timewise, as our American cousins say, there is four hours' difference, Honolulu being that much ahead of Sydney. Thus as between them a day is only twenty hours. But athwart the path between them lies the international date line, which means that travellers going eastward get a duplicated day as they cross it, just as when going the other way a complete day is taken out of the week.

But it's the east-about trip that is going to be so intriguing when the big



... hullo, what's this? ...



... Yorkshire 35 for 2? Why, confound it ...



... this is yesterday's !"



jets get going. The present flying time will be cut to something well under fifteen hours, so that a passenger leaving Sydney at 2 a.m. local time on a Tuesday, for instance, will arrive in Honolulu at about 9 p.m. the previous Monday.

It sounds crazy, but already, with mere 300 m.p.h. piston aircraft, one reaches Honolulu, in Hawaii, at practically the same time and on the same calendar day as one leaves Australia.

Similar things will happen between Tokyo and Honolulu, and same-day services between Japan and the west coast of America will become commonplace.

But apart from routes that cross the international date line, where one either loses a day completely, as I have just done going west-about, or gains a duplicated day going eastwards, there will be complicated catering and sleeping problems on all latitudinal routes on which these very fast long-range jet-liners operate.

Already on a supposedly out-moded piston-engined airliner that travels at a modest 300 m.p.h. or so one can—and does—leave London at bedtime and arrive in New York before the late revellers have gone home or the toilers in the city are really on the job.

Indeed, it is a wise, if expensive, plan to book your hotel accommodation for the day ahead of that on which you are due to arrive, otherwise one has no place to lay one's head for several hours; hotel check-out times in America are quite late in the day.

When the imminent jet-liners knock another four or five hours off the westward trip, even leaving London after midnight will see the ardent traveller at Idlewild at some quite ghastly small hour of the morning; all teed up and no place to go.

Another dainty little problem will be presented to trans-continental jet travellers flying between New York and San Francisco. Normally there is a three-hour time difference, but in the

month of October one city goes off summer time and the other does not, so that the difference between local times is four hours.

Now the schedule for the east-west New York/San Francisco flight by the new jets is predicted as 4 hours 15 minutes. Thus in the merry months of Octobers to come, business managers will be able to schedule their representatives to do a morning's work in New York, take lunch in the air, and land in San Francisco only fifteen minutes after take-off, at least according to the local clocks. The natural assumption is that they will be ready for a full afternoon's work in San Francisco or on the West Coast generally. Whether their expense accounts or stomach ulcers bear the major imprint remains to be seen.

Crossing the Atlantic west to east will be a little more civilized—an early dinner in Manhattan, a leisurely drive to the airport, and a seven-hour plunge through the shadows of the night-band as it circles the earth from east to west



*"It'll be the most disastrous year I've ever known if this lot catches fire."*

will permit arrival in London somewhere near the proper time for breakfast.

But even so there remains the personal physical problem. Does anyone really want to eat breakfast eight and a half hours after having had dinner? Our alimentary systems have become attuned to a gap of something like twelve hours. There are going to be some sizable headaches for the catering staffs of the airlines when mass transportation at 525 m.p.h. becomes commonplace. It's bad enough nowadays when the present piston-driven aeroplanes used by the main airlines cover enough of the globe in a working day to add seven hours or so to its duration going westwards and take off the same amount east-about. The jets will add at least 50 per cent more to this inconvenient difference between tummy time and local time.

Going west, one's digestive system will have to cope with days of apparently thirty-four hours' duration. East-about one will have to cram the four normal meals (I personally always insist on a cup of tea, no matter when tea-time falls) into fourteen or so hours and be content, even in average seasons like spring and autumn, with only seven hours of restful darkness when going eastward. One will stay in the night-band for goodness knows how long when travelling westward at something approaching the same speed as the earth rotates.

That speed depends, of course, on whether one is flying round the fat part of the globe near the equator or closer to one of the Poles. On some parts of the increasingly popular trans-Polar routes, where one already skips nimbly from Europe to the west coast of America with only one stop, it will be possible for some new 525 m.p.h. jet-liner to stand still in space, so to speak, and let the great big world keep turning underneath it until the port of destination rolls abeam. The local times of the places that pass under the aircraft will not change. It could always, for example, be breakfast time: perish the thought.

Indeed, if the pilot keeps well to the north and opens the throttles to a ground speed of 600 m.p.h. or so he may well be gaining on the sun and actually going backwards in time. Breakfast might be followed by the dinner of the night before. It makes you think.



"Hold on a minute and I'll get you a couple of trays of ice out of the refrigerator."

# Incline to Nothing Rash

By E. S. TURNER

THE new life peers and peeresses have one notable advantage over those with hereditary titles: they can choose their own mottoes for their coats of arms, and in so doing they can save themselves much embarrassment.

In Fleet Street it is a heartless, but irresistible, practice for a sub-editor, when faced with a report about a peer or baronet in trouble, to shout for *Debrett*. The chances are ten to one that the offender's family motto will have an ironic, if not an excoriating, aptness.

We have all seen the sort of thing. It goes (very nearly) like this:

Sir John Elderberry, the fourth baronet (motto: "I Yield Not To Temptation"), was to-day cited as co-respondent in an action for divorce brought by the Marquess of Brindle against the Marchioness.

The Marquess, who was awarded a decree *nisi*, did not ask for costs against the co-respondent. (The Marquess's motto: "The Lion Does Not Chase Mice.")

The thirty-year-old Marchioness is the twice-married daughter of the four-times-married Baron Sourfield (motto: "I Will Be Moderate").

Things have reached the stage where a peer whose motto is "Hasten Slowly" will be extravagantly careful to observe the speed limit in a built-up area. The Cecils, with a motto like "Late, But Seriously," are not likely to risk popular derision by falling into arrears with their rates.

As a body, hereditary peers are pledged to almost intolerable standards of rectitude. They Incline To Nothing Base, they are Conscious Of No Guilt, they Form No Vile Wish, they cherish Virtue For Its Own Sake, they Keep To The Straight Path, they are Without Stain, they Fear Shame, they Desire Good, they are Innocent And True, they have Minds Conscious Of Rectitude and they prefer Death Before Dishonour. They scorn to change or fear, and you can bend them but not break them.

There are a few, but only a very few, relaxed mottoes to be found in *Debrett*.

These include "We Must Yield To Love," "If Thou Art Wise, Drink" and "We Fly By Night."

Morals apart, many mottoes are clearly ill-suited to their wearers. The Duke of Bedford, who is making such alarming efforts to save his estates, is badly served by "What Will Be, Will Be." More apt, perhaps, would be the Harcourt motto: "The Good Time Will Come" or even that of the Beauchamps, "The Lot Is Fallen Unto Me In A Fair Ground." Lord Beaverbrook would do better to exchange "Things For Me, Not I For Things" for "Rage Supplies Arms."

It was a sad day for more than one ancient family when waggish Socialist peers, like Lord Calverley and Lord Attlee, began to appropriate the old boast "Labour Conquers All Things." Some day Lord Hawke is going to face a similar mortification when an ennobled trade union leader borrows his family motto "Strike."

Self-made men do not seem over-keen to adopt the motto "Plenty From Industry." Only the Earl of Birkenhead, it seems, is candid enough to boast "Maker Of My Own Fortune." Some day a take-over man may take over "Man Is As A Wolf Towards His Fellow Man," but he is more likely to settle for "Deeds, Not Words." Or even "Beware."

Bankers have an obvious choice, if they care to use it, in "Trust, But See Whom You Trust." No one expects a law lord to select "Judge Not," though he is welcome to "Try."

The safest course, however, is to seek mottoes of impenetrable obscurity. Lord Reith showed the way with his "Whatsoever," but probably the best example in *Debrett* is to be found in the baronetage: "Now Thus, Now Thus." What it means is known only to a Milborne-Swinnerton-Pilkington.



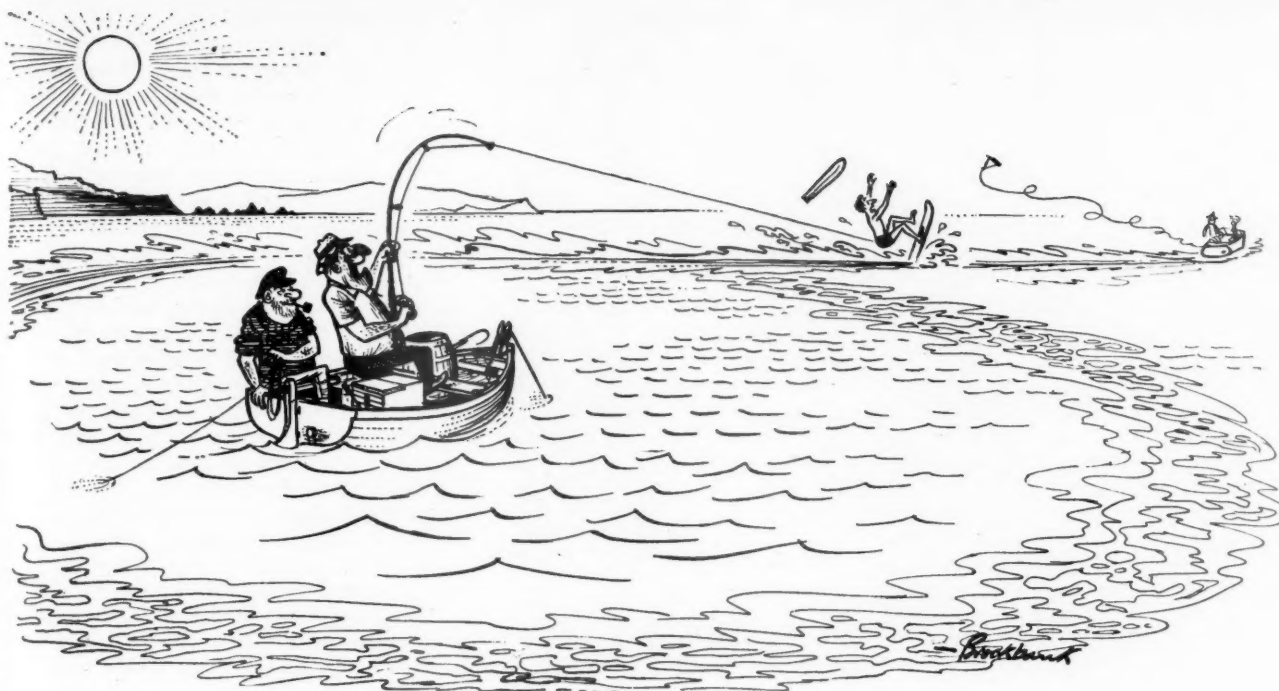
"Cramp."

"Birmingham actress COLLETTE WILDE who has been chosen from 800 applicants as A.B.C. Television's weather announcer . . . began her career at eight years of age as a fairy at Stratford Memorial Theatre."

Birmingham Mail

Still got her wand?





"Got the blighter!"

## Boating for Beginners

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

**T**O make the best use of the following hints beginners should be in the middle or late forties, strangers to sail, and planning a week on the Broads in a gaff-rigged sloop, a fresh south-westerly wind and the height of the holiday season.

**Bridges, low.** These constitute a quick and effective way of lowering the mast.

**Captaincy.** There is nothing in the marriage service laying down which party shall be deemed the captain. Husbands tempted to invoke the "love, honour and obey" clause may find themselves denied all three offices.

**Instruction.** Decline it. Boating manuals not only favour a jolly style with exclamation marks ("Once the lifebuoy is grasped, nothing more than a severe ducking will be your lot!") but indulge freely in diagram. The uninstructed mind is a clear and confident mind, accepting that the mast is a pole stuck in the deck: present it with an illustrated cross-section, however, and

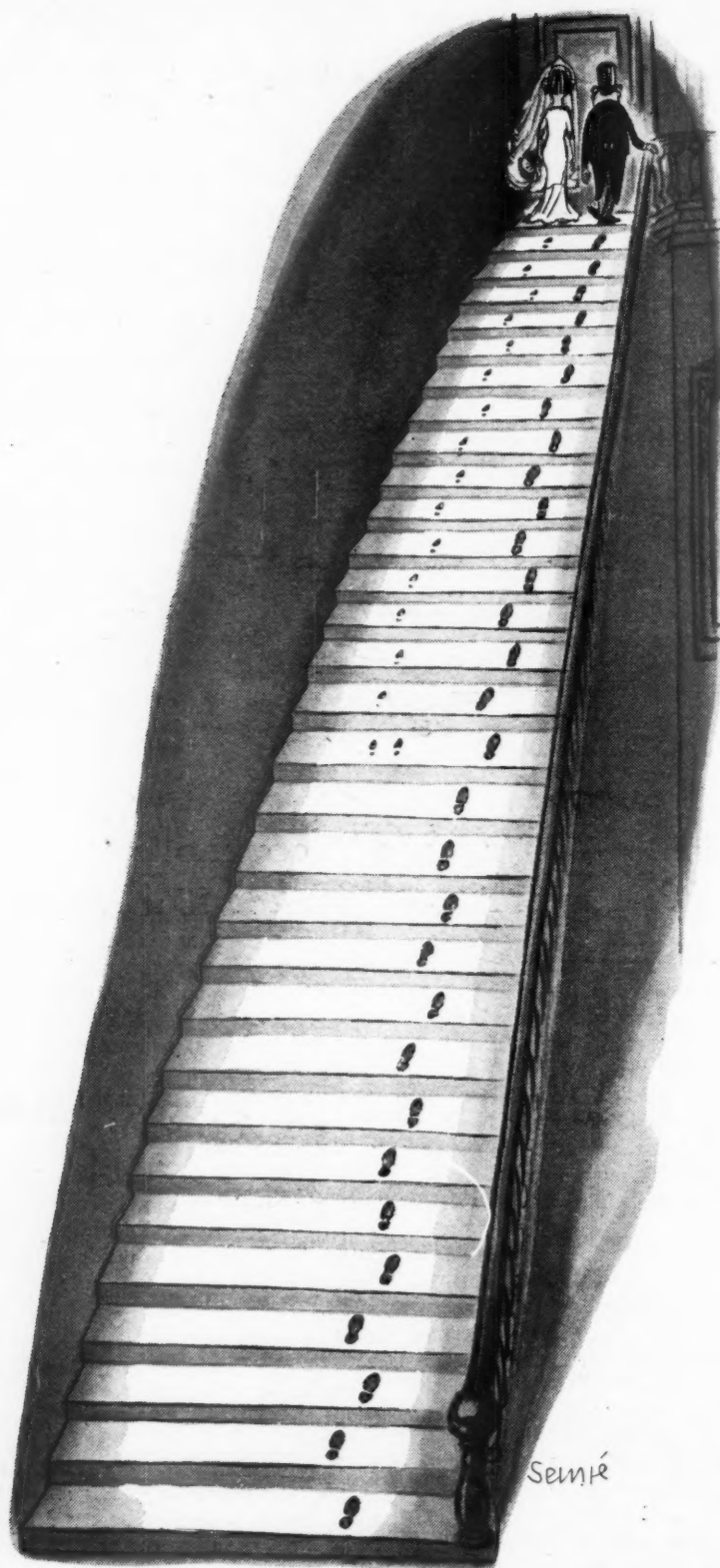
twenty lines of small type explaining how to remove the securing pin from the gate of the tabernacle, and it is apt to drag its moorings. Moreover, there is a wanton comprehensiveness about the manual, running in the later pages to paragraphs headed "Ingredients for Bloater Fritters." This is no sort of reading for the beginner who has been pinned against the shore by half a gale since yesterday morning and thrown about the cabin by the wash from sixty-foot cruisers.

Instruction by word of mouth is worse. Except possibly at Dartmouth, no man who knows how to sail a boat can tell anyone else. Assure him as earnestly as possible that you don't know a luff from a reef and he laughs appreciatively and says "Just go for'ard and shackle on the jib-sheet."

**Jargon, nautical.** Inadvisable. With a dead calm and empty water it is easy enough to sound off about gaffs and topping-lifts; out of control in an uncharted regatta, the crew's trousers

caught in an overhanging tree, it is quicker and simpler to shout "Where's the string-thing you start the outboard with?" Helmswomen who shut their eyes, concentrating on the meaning of port and starboard, are even worse than those who don't know left from right. Save the talk about cringles for the saloon bar.

**Mud.** Broads and Broads rivers are rich in this. The best way of obtaining it is by the use of a long pole, supplied as standard equipment, which when not in use lies on any part of the deck where you want to put your feet. (See *Pole, quant.*) By forcing the pole into the water to the fullest extent compatible with not accompanying it, and drawing it out again, liberal accretions of mud can be transferred to the deck, sail, face, hair, and the back-end of the crew as it sticks out of the galley. The mud has a healthy tang, particularly if it is obtained from directly beneath a boat which is stuck on it owing to earlier disregard of a row of meaningless-looking buoys.



When it is no longer required it should be left to dry, and later chipped off with knives, forks, frying-pan handles, boating manuals (stiff cover, 10s. 6d.), loose parts of the outboard motor, etc.

**Pole, quant.** Often mistaken for a spare mast by the beginner, this is the agency for propulsion when all else fails. Its special property is that it has no centre of balance. Seized at whatever point, one end will fly ashore and hit a tree, the other becoming enmeshed in some part of the rigging hidden from view by the sail. As a marksman aims off for wind, so a quantsmen must aim off for unmanageability. That is to say, no quant pole ever enters the water at the point planned, and is in fact more likely to enter the mains'l, the forepeak hatch or the outboard motor.

**Rescued, procedure for being.** In order to enjoy a successful rescue it is advisable to get into difficulties at points accessible to other craft. The bonhomie, camaraderie, etc. of the Broads is well known, and if you want help in getting the sail up or the mast down, twenty eager experts will board you in a trice. To be heeled over in a foot of slime with your mains'l full of water is different. Nearby yachtsmen, skimming by over the buoyant deeps, tend to skim by, intent on their own affairs. To you, your plight may seem unmistakable; it is hard to believe that, from a mere fifty yards distant, you have every appearance of being in control of the situation; of having got yourself into this mess for the fun of getting out of it again, and being resentful of outside interference. But this is what they think, unless you tell them different. And this in itself is a problem. Can either you or the crew, even in these straits, bring yourself to utter the word "Help"? On the other hand, are you to die there? A heron flying over, negotiating the fierce eddies with practised ease, has a vulture's look.

There are two courses open. First, to shout for aid (the actual "Help" can be avoided: it is enough to bawl "I say, old chap, we seem to have got into a bit of trouble here. Do you think you could possibly give us a hand?"), and dispatch the rescue craft to a nearby landing-stage where, according to your ship's documents—i.e. the brochure that originally hypnotized you into being here at all—"advice and assistance will be readily forthcoming at all times."

Then you can grit your teeth and settle down until the fast breakdown launch whizzes out, with lifting-gear, mobile repair-dock and bluff, apple-checked tars. Though what actually happens is that your messenger returns after forty minutes with the news that he can't find anyone who knows anything about advice and assistance being forthcoming. This throws you back on your second course, which is to summon all your powers of rhetoric in a cringing plea for help. Point out that the crew is having hysterics below, that your little ones are away at boarding-school and won't even know how you died, that the cabin table fell over when you struck and the bedding is full of soup. Lay it on not only thick but quick. Rescuers are carried out of earshot in no time. Sometimes the mention of a bottle of Scotch which has escaped harm will reach them, however, when all else fails. After that, a combined effort by a couple of launches, three men in dinghies, the outboard at full throttle, and all available ropes, including your own mains'l halyard, will do the trick. All concerned will be in the nearest pub later, but even including the bottle of Scotch you should, with any luck, see a few shillings change out of ten pounds.

**Species, origin of.** Though there is no truth in the idea that Darwin based his well-known theory on the spectacle of middle-aged beginners coming ashore after a week in a boat with a four-foot-six cabin, it remains true that it takes them another week to stop loping about with their knuckles trailing. A little exercise on land each day is the answer, though those in search of a chance to stand upright should be warned that most of the land hemming the Broads is thickly vegetated with low hanging trees, best negotiated in a loping attitude with the knuckles trailing.

**Wind.** This will in general be found to come in four varieties:—

- (a) Too much to hoist sail.
- (b) Not enough to hoist sail.
- (c) Internal, owing to bloater-fritters type regimen and permanent cramping of digestive organs.
- (d) Vertical while awaiting rescue.

It is also, in conclusion, something that the beginner, whether quanting, jumping ashore, starting the outboard, shouting for help or describing sailing-boats afterwards, runs pretty quickly short of.



## Marco Polo Yourself

By ERIC KEOWN

FOR a long time I was put off sailing by the appalling conversation it engendered, much more occult and idiotic, it seemed to me, than that of golf or even bridge. In waterside locals men unmarked by actual insanity trafficked glibly in terms which I was utterly at a loss to decode. They spoke of stays and sheets, luffing and beating, gybing and reaching, and although I had always felt it would be nice to sit godlike at my own tiller, putting the gentler zephyrs to purely selfish uses, these encounters left me so baffled and uneasy that again and again I turned my back on the sea.

There must still be a great many people similarly torn, who see that sailing must be fun but imagine it far too alarming and probably too expensive. I should be among them yet if one day on a Norfolk estuary I had not watched a boatman putting a new mast into a dinghy, and asked him on the spur of

the moment to take me out. In my pocket was my tailor's bill and a stub of pencil. He was a patient man, and in the space below "*To letting out two pairs of flannel trousers, £3 3s. 0d.*" I potted his wisdom.

When we came ashore I felt I had sailing pretty well buttoned up. I think I should have jibbed at an Atlantic crossing then and there, but otherwise I was in a haze of masterful exaltation. While still under its influence I press-ganged my family and we launched out again, watched a little cynically by the boatman. Without him, of course, things were not quite so easy. The pool was full of shining racing dinghies at anchor, and in the ferocious tide we gave a fair imitation of a ball on a pin-table, cannoning from one to the other and doing a varying amount of damage. But somehow we kept afloat. Against a good deal of opposition I hired the boat for the rest of our holiday, and though





we spent much of it wedged in the mud, and now and then capsized, we finished with a rough idea of sailing.

If I were asked to advise—and as a matter of fact I have been—I should strongly urge this adventurous method, at any rate on reasonable swimmers. Choose a quiet estuary, a fatherly boatman and the most robust twelve-foot dinghy you can hire. It is wiser at this stage to avoid the sea itself, as it is large and uncompromising; your eleven-plus is better taken pottering in sheltered waters. But once confidence begins to mount, shake the boatman by the hand and go off alone to challenge wind and wave.

For those, however, who think this course too drastic, a number of excellent sailing-schools is springing up, particularly on the south and south-west coasts, where you can learn the easy way and probably keep drier. But whichever system wins you are bound to emerge fanatically eager to have a shallop of your own. The National Boat Show at Olympia, around Christmas, reveals a staggering choice of dinghies, all slightly different and nearly all beautifully made by craftsmen.

But first you must decide whether you want a boat you can race or one built for comfort, and whether you want to be alone (or at the most two) or brave

the elements as a family. The advertisements in the yachting press will help to sharpen your ideas. Considering that a boat will last thirty or forty years if you look after it, the cost is absurdly low. A little Cadet, fast and yet ideal

for children, is just under £100 complete with sails. For £120 upwards you can get a twelve-foot dinghy complete, and for £140 upwards a fourteen-footer. By those bolder with a screwdriver than I am many of these boats can be built from a maker's kit at about two-thirds of their finished price. And if you hate being late for dinner a small outboard motor will cover you against most navigational errors for just under £40.

A trailer will give you a greater choice of water, including lakes. It will cost from £25 upwards, but you will save this in boatyard dues and spend a happier winter patting your treasure in the garage, and even varnishing it. Of course all these marine delicacies can be bought second-hand considerably cheaper, but in this case the sagest counsel is essential. At the best, boats are thin things to keep out such vast reserves of wet.

I find it constantly surprising that for so little money—compare the price of the smallest motor car—we can all set up as modest Marco Polos, free to explore the mysterious territories of estuary and creek and salt-marsh, taking our own time, and choosing our own adventures. The pleasure of sailing-boats is peace—until something happens, and then it is generally drama.

## Sceptre

DESIGNING a perfect yacht was an odd notion.

All boats have something wrong with them: some won't ghost;  
Some move with a drunken-Scotch-comedian motion;  
Some go about as if turning in treacle; most  
Ship, in rough weather, an ocean,

Whereas others only come alive in a gale;  
Even the great lost yachts one pictures racing  
Before the wind under a hill of sail,  
With the pop-eyed millionaire owner nervously pacing  
His decks and gnawing a quail,

Had awkward habits. So it's hard to think of a boat  
Perfected to the final thousandths of inches—  
To imagine her, a Platonic Idea afloat  
And ready to race (though all that trouble with winches  
Struck a familiar note).

Yet not even gadgets like plastic hulls can arrange  
For the smacking and sucking of waves to sound altogether  
Altered, or streamlined stays make the wind strange.  
All racing is mainly a matter of water and weather,  
Which nothing is going to change.

PETER DICKINSON

# Foreboding

By R. G. G. PRICE

*What can the B.B.C. have in store for us when the season of popular culture opens again in the autumn?*

COMPÈRE: We begin with a scene from a new play. But first here are two critics to discuss it.

KENNETH TYNAN: Scabby Petersen hasn't written a good play. It's verbose, the characters exist in separate compartments like crystallized fruits, and the last Act might be a collaboration of Dean Farrar and Mickey Spillane. But it is nearer to a good play than anything else in the West End. At least it has relevance.

HAROLD HOBSON: I thought it lacked the innocence that a French dramatist might have given it.

COMPÈRE: The author is here by my side. Now, Scabby, were you trying to produce a "slice of life" or what were you aiming at? Don't be afraid to speak up. I'm quite an ordinary person who just happens to be interested in things of the mind.

SCABBY: I was trying to adapt *The Duchess of Malfi* to conditions down dockland.

*(Suddenly the screen is filled with film and Scabby changes from interviewee to commentator.)*

That's the house where I lived from three to ten. There's my Aunt Maudiska. There's Mr. Peterwicz and Mr. Grunheim going to call on Mr. Slevitz.

COMPÈRE: And now for the extract from the play.

*(A Municipal Launderette. Brick-lined walls. Attendants like wardresses. Notices forbidding spitting, the passing of betting slips and the demanding of change. The laundered garments are shapeless and abrasive.)*

MADER KOSH: Is no good. So is what I think.

FADER KOSH: Now, popushka, is too hard on our girl.

GRANFADER KOSH: Come the dawn, you see, come the dawn.

*(Compère, who shows signs of having been waiting impatiently, gives a confidential nod.)*

COMPÈRE: We leave Scabby's attempt to refashion Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi* in the context, the environment, of to-day. A group of enterprising youngsters has been turning a disused zoo into a sculpture gallery and we have sent our cameras up to look at it.

*(Nothing happens. Then we see a hand holding a baton microphone towards a face. It is a weak, youngish face and it seems anxious to be busy.)*

VOICE: Do you expect people to come and look at your gallery when it's finished?

FACE: Yes, that's rather the idea.

VOICE: Are you doing all the conversion yourselves or do you have help?

FACE: Mostly by ourselves but we do have some help.

VOICE: Some help, eh?

FACE: Yes.

COMPÈRE *(back again)*: Down Norbury way the 4th Monty-and-Ike Troop have been helping an Ashanti composer to put into practice some rather exciting ideas about gongs. We're going to see what they're up to.

*(For a moment we seem to be in the cellar sequence of an old serial; but then we see the gloom is full of smirking Scouts with gongs of different sizes in front of them. The composer is ready to conduct. He wears double-breasted plus-fours and several of the mannerisms of Sir Malcolm Sargent. Ignoring the Compère he looks straight into the cameras.)*

COMPOSER: Music has been dominated first by wood-wind and then by strings. To-morrow is the Age of Metal Percussion. The orchestra will now play my arrangement of *The Flight of the Bumble-Bee*.

COMPÈRE: Before they do I just want a word with young Tom here. *(Bends down, down, down to a fat Scout with an enormous gong marked "Hotel Metropole".)* How do you like working with Mr. Awo?

TOM: Ferdie's all right.

*(The piece begins. The Compère rapidly looks less as though he were having intense curiosity assuaged and more as*

## CHESTNUT GROVE

*A chestnut indeed is this joke of George du Maurier's, which is still being brought out as new to-day.*



### "ENFANT TERRIBLE"

"I'VE BROUGHT YOU A GLASS OF WINE, MR. PROFESSOR. PLEASE DRINK IT!" "VAT! BEFORE TINNER? ACH, VY?" "BECAUSE MUMMY SAYS YOU DRINK LIKE A FISH, AND I WANT TO SEE YOU—!"

November 1, 1890



though he were wondering how early it would be polite to leave. He does not stay long and suddenly there he is lounging on a small settle hugging his knee.)

COMPÈRE: Drama—sculpture—music. (He gives a knowing thrust of his head.) Now for Poetry. Molly Prill has produced a first book of verse called *Garland for a Swan*. In the studio to discuss it with the author, or I suppose I should say authoress, are Sir Mortimer Wheeler, John Braine, Michael Ayrton, George Scott, Colin Wilson, Derek Bond, Norman Fisher and Robert Morley.

(They are huddled together rather. Molly Prill holds her book but she looks somehow as though she is only there to please her publisher.)

JOHN BRAINE: I must congratulate you on your title. A good title helps to sell a book, and don't let's have any nonsense about authors not wanting to sell books. The title I've chosen for my next novel . . .

COMPÈRE: Now, Molly, you tell us what the title means. *Garland for a Swan*.

MOLLY PRILL: It's the title of the first poem. If you want to know what that's about perhaps I'd better read it.

COMPÈRE: I'm very much afraid that we have not quite time for that. Sir Mortimer?

SIR MORTIMER: I'll start the ball rolling. I'm older than most of them. (Convulsive merriment.) Do you think poetry is important?

MOLLY PRILL: Well, it's important to me.

COMPÈRE (apparently wiping these proceedings from his mind): In a sandwich bar in King's Road a group of young painters are engaged on a mural of scenes from the ballet *Miracle in The Gorbals*. One of their models is Sophia Zerk, who is here with one of the painters, Keith Baint, to tell Nancy Spain about it.

KEITH BAIN: Well, I'm using a lot of light-toned blues on a green-grey background.

NANCY SPAIN: Jolly good. Don't you find posing tiring?

SOPHIA ZELK: It depends how long I have to pose for.

(They seem taken by surprise by the end of their item.)

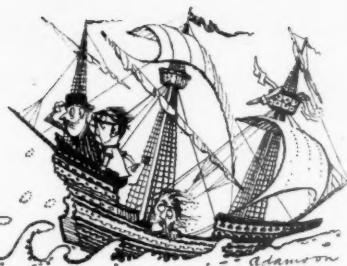
COMPÈRE: That is all (he gives a grin of complicity at the cameras) for to-night.







# CRITICISM



## BOOKING OFFICE

### You too can be an Author

**M**ANY people think how wonderful it would be to go into bookshops and see their books in shining piles. What puts them off is the completely unfounded belief that producing enough words to keep the covers apart is impossible for the normally constituted man, a delusion due to the ordinary, clean-living Englishman's vagueness about literary length. This article, for example, will come out at about nine hundred words, give or take a few. Write one a week and in a year and a half you have a book the length of the average lightish novel.

Of course, to many literary men the idea of doing only nine hundred words a week would be preposterous. So would the idea of producing only one book in eighteen months. Sir Compton Mackenzie has just said he can do a novel in two months. Mr. John Creasey, who has as many pen-names as most novelists have characters, at the age of forty-nine has produced nine hundred and fifty books. He said to the *Sunday Express*, "I write each book in about a week and revise it in another three days. I have lots of free time." It is true his books are only sixty thousand words, but he has produced a total of some thirty-five million words already. Simenon's procedure is to have his blood-pressure taken, write most of his time for eleven days and have his blood-pressure taken again. Edgar Wallace used to dictate night and day until he finished a book. Then he went to bed and slept until it was time to go to the races.

Some time ago there was a puzzling news item about Mr. John Masters who was said to write twenty thousand words a day with the aid of an electric typewriter. I do not quite see how the electricity would help you to think what to say; but perhaps he had thought of that already. After all, Mr. Masters does not write very many books, unless he too goes in for pseudonyms. Perhaps

he walks about enjoying life and making it all up and then discharges his cargo in occasional binges. Gibbon used to compose in his head and then just act as his own amanuensis. Perhaps if he had had an electric quill he would not have needed twenty years for the *Decline and Fall*. While I am showing how little time authorship takes I might go on to mention that Wells never worked after breakfast; that Miss Denise Robins has just had time to open a church fête and tell a reporter that she has scored one hundred and seventeen novels; and that Dickens would often go off on holiday for months at a time.

To feed the fantasy still further let me point out that if your typewriter is not wired for electricity you can hire a tape-recorder and get your novel transcribed at a cost that should easily be

covered by the publisher's advance. Listen to a B.B.C. talk and see how slowly it goes. Surely you could keep up that speed as you speak into the machine. After all, the man who talks about Persia or Inflation has to find facts and repeat them correctly, while you are not bound by anything and if your characters begin to do things you cannot describe fluently you just make them do something else. The official B.B.C. rate of speech for talks—not, of course, for patter comedians—is one thousand eight hundred words in a quarter of an hour. That is, seven thousand two hundred per hour. You need not hire the tape-recorder for more than one day! If you begin after breakfast, say nine o'clock, with three quarters of an hour for lunch and a quarter of an hour for tea you would have enough words for a novel that would actually be longer than Mr. Creasey's crime stories before eight o'clock. Here is another encouraging calculation. Say a gossip letter covers three sides of paper, call it five hundred words. A letter a day for five days a week would produce a seventy-five thousand novel in thirty weeks.

But, you may object, what about Flaubert? Didn't Conrad sometimes take ten hours over a page? Doesn't Mr. Graham Greene take two years over a novel, not a very long one? Didn't Virginia Woolf say two hours a day was the most a writer should write for? I had been talking about quantity and here you are dragging quality in. However, look at the man who seems to prove anything in any argument about literature, Henry James.

James was the most subtle, the most discriminating, the most hard-thinking of writers. He spent hours in elaborate conversations. He kept his friendships in repair and had endless time for acquaintanceships. The common picture of him is of a writer who was precious, complex, almost sterile. He dictated, but from behind a curtain. Yet in libraries the shelves of James go on and on. The volumes are fat ones. Their type is close set. What is more, he sat

## NOVEL FACES



XXVIII—WILLIAM GERHARDI

*Futility among the Polyglots, Their lives and loves, Gerhardt shrewdly plots.*

Holloway



"Psst! Me buy filthy oil shares—very cheap, very quick?"

down to revise his published novels and republished them in fresh and much elaborated versions. Every few months they seem to dig up another couple of volumes of hitherto uncollected magazine articles or even regular newspaper journalism. He wrote long and frequent letters. He kept notebooks. As far as productivity went he was far nearer to Mr. Creasey than he was to the stereotype of a "serious literary artist." But then so were Dickens and Shakespeare.

R. G. G. PRICE

**Dr. Johnson and Others.** S. C. Roberts. Cambridge, 18/6

Here in four affectionate essays Sir Sydney Roberts re-examines his beloved Johnson, and shows the injustice of labelling him a crusted Tory. In Pepys and Boswell he discovers surprising similarities, and he scouts the idea of Gray as a sad misfit at Cambridge—Gray, who missed so little that he wrote in his first term "The Masters of Colledges are twelve grey-hair'd Gentle-folks, who are all mad with Pride." Max is also charmingly in the net, and Thomas Fuller, and James Beresford, who wrote early *Punch* prose forty years too soon.

Often Sir Sydney's perceptive sympathy for men as men reveals a point of illumination that makes us see a whole portrait afresh. And how pleasant to find in this delightful collection that Benjamin Wrigglesworth Beatson, a Fellow of Pembroke for forty-seven years, had written in his undergraduate diary:

"Frolic with 3 girls on Trumpington Road—Haughton went off with one—I might have done had I not loved Brenda."

E. O. D. K.

**Two Women.** Alberto Moravia. Secker and Warburg, 18/-

To tell the story of a novel in the first person when the narrator is represented as without education always puts a certain strain on the reader's credulity, however well done. Signor Alberto Moravia does it well, but even here there are moments when the material selected seems too "literary" for his peasant heroine. The book describes the ordeal of an Italian widow and her daughter in the mountains south of Rome, where they have gone among the evacuees from war and bombs. The character of the woman herself is convincingly drawn and the narrative handled with great skill, somewhat in the style of a film. Even so we prefer Signor Moravia in his more subtle, social moods in spite of the brilliance of much of this performance.

A. P.

**The Tree Surgeon.** Rene Ray. Herbert Jenkins, 12/6

"Weep!" he cried, cruelly, taunting her. "Weep like the willow!" . . . The harshness drained away from his features as he reached forward and lifted up her face. "Let me see your tears." The speaker was Lonnie, a "tree surgeon"; his companion was Hilary Maitland—"a wonderfully graceful person and whenever she moved, she herself, as well as any onlooker, was conscious of the wonderful co-ordination of the muscles of her body." Yes, even when she was wearing her simple linen suit. Hilary and her aunt lived on a small island off the Cornish coast, and were helped by a very short thick maidservant, Annie, "whose bust could only be termed a disgrace." Lonnie, who had "an incredibly magnetic personality," who loved trees and cured their diseases, also enjoyed killing people. He murdered Annie and afterwards "felt like a gentleman, oblivious of the fact that his wet plimsolls were staining the soft silk of the cushion underneath them." I feel that this incredible thriller may not be meant to be so funny as it is.

B. E. B.

**The Love Man.** Gwyn Thomas. Gollancz, 13/6

Don Juan Tenorio, *The Love Man*, was not really carried down alive into Hell, either by a talking statue or by the opening of a tomb. Instead his uncle, the bishop, conveyed him secretly to the dungeons of the Inquisition so that the family honour should not be smirched by his arrest at the hands of the civil power. He did not mind very much, for he was growing old. When the governor murdered the bishop, Don Juan, officially dead or missing, became the governor's hired assassin; but when the governor in

his turn met an unexpected end he took refuge, after a perfunctory struggle for freedom, in the arms of a wealthy middle-aged lady who had long been seeking him. Yet all this scaffolding of sudden death and double betrayal hardly matters. Don Juan, his friends and his enemies, his torturers and his judges, talk at length with the bubbling eloquence of their author; and to hear that speech every discriminating reader will get hold of this book as quickly as possible.

A. L. D.

**Prep School.** James Kenward. Michael Joseph, 16/-

As in *The Suburban Child*, Mr. Kenward combines gold-drenched reminiscence and history. This is what one country-house preparatory school was like forty years ago and this is how it was related to surrounding civilization and to the preparatory schools of to-day. It is a very good and original book, packed with historical, psychological and educational interest and, at its best, a model of autobiographical writing. Mr. Kenward can only be in his late forties or very early fifties and it is a pity that he indulges in occasional near-senile out-breaks of cosy whimsicality.

The central figure of the practical, scientific, inventive owner is one of the few attractive portraits of a headmaster in literature. It is dimly possible to see that a disloyal old pupil could have painted a rather different picture of Mr. Kenward's hero; certainly he can be faulted on staffing. However, it is a good thing to be reminded that happiness has in most periods been one of the traditional subjects of autobiography.

R. G. G. P.

**Frances Anne:** The Life and Times of Frances Anne, Marchioness of Londonderry and her husband Charles, Third Marquess of Londonderry. Edith, Marchioness of Londonderry, D.B.E. Macmillan, 30/-

Too rich too young, the subject of this excellently constructed biography, with her pomps and vanities and authoritarian ways, was something of a figure of fun. The solemn Mrs. Arbuthnot disapproved of her; Princess Lieven and the youthful Disraeli laughed at her. When she and her husband, who was the great Castlereagh's half-brother, were at the British Embassy at Vienna during the tricky time of the congresses they caused frequent embarrassment in Whitehall by their self-importance and breaches of tact; and no Prime Minister could face the prospect of Londonderry as a colleague. But as pioneers of industrial enterprise and social betterment on the great coal-bearing property in County Durham which was Frances Anne's heritage, both husband and wife are undeniably worthy of respect. Disraeli, without ceasing to be amused by the marchioness, became her admiring friend; and the letters which she wrote

on her travels display her, with all her foibles, as a woman of lively and original intelligence. Her great-grandson's widow has done well to revive her memory.

F. B.

**The Mad Motleys of Swanworth.** Natala de la Fère. *Michael Joseph*, 13/6

An ancient totem pole discovered in the wood and the fact that unlimited game may be shot without thought of keepers suggest that this unsophisticated chronicle deals with the wilder parts of America, but we are assured that Swanworth is in England. Its story has an odour of the 1890s but its period is the present day. The Motleys are an unattractive family, father a giant given to alcohol and quoting *The Song of Solomon*, elder daughter slave to dog and gun, younger setting up as an author, son comparatively normal, but mother, from her deportment, a close kinswoman of Widow Twankey and with the same faith in a whack on the side of the head as irrefutable argument. Yet it is mother who, when they miss seeing the Queen, remarks "The main thing is she could see we were there," which is perhaps nearer the truth in the case of every loyal route-liner than at first appears.

B. E. S.

**The Boer War.** Edgar Holt. *Putnam*, 25/-

Mr. Holt's excellent history packs into a short and lively narrative of under three hundred words the events between Majuba in 1881 and the peace of Vereeniging in 1902. There is something to be said for waiting half a century after a war before writing about it; when the generals are dead and the strategy and tactics have been thrashed out a hundred times it is possible to achieve an objectivity particularly refreshing after the litter of memoirs spawned by the last war. Mr. Holt is strikingly fair (despite the contrary impression conveyed by the "blurb"); and strikingly graphic, too. He is equally able at unfolding a situation and describing an action, and his story is pleasantly seasoned with anecdote. How wistfully one reflects that it will never again be possible for a Commander-in-Chief to send to his opponent a letter beginning "Field-Marshal Lord Roberts presents his compliments to Commandant-General Botha and begs to inform him that he has had the great pleasure of receiving a visit from Mrs. Botha."

B. A. Y.

**Three Men and a Girl.** Warren Chetham-Strode. *Heinemann*, 15/-

Mr. Warren Chetham-Strode, well known as a playwright, has now given us a light entertainment. It is about Siamese cats. Anyone fond of Siamese cats will be amused by this story of Ting and Thai, the neutered lords of a human household, whose authority is menaced by the arrival of Tootoo, a full-blooded male, and his delightful female friend Tania. The owners, Charles and Mary Warren, imagine they can understand

the Siamese patois spoken by their pets. The fact that when guessing its meaning they are more often wrong than right rouses considerable amusement among the cats. Meanwhile there is considerable hostility among themselves until the arrival of seven fine kittens to Tania and Tootoo persuades Ting and Thai to accept the newcomers. Their softer feelings roused, the elder cats settle down as uncle and aunt "sitters-in" to the kittens. Charles says he cannot afford to feed so many cats; the kittens must be sold. But all ends happily. He has the good fortune to sell the film rights of a novel to Hollywood and the Warrens keep the kittens. This is a charming book that should appeal equally to grown-ups and to children. O. M.

**AT THE PLAY**

*Dear Augustine* (ROYAL COURT)

CARRYING on with our night classes in frustration at the moment so generously provided by the London theatre, we found a fine helping of it in *Dear Augustine*, by Alison McLeod; but in this play most of the main characters had had a hard deal, and were so cheerful about it that their way of life began to seem fairly normal. They were squashed like sardines into a squalid Notting Hill boarding-house run by a gallant Austrian who mothered her flock of penniless refugees and semi-down-and-outs, most of them Jewish. The atmosphere was faintly early Rodney

Ackland, noisy, friendly, and so inextricably corporate that it was not difficult to imagine we were honorary inmates ourselves.

Miss McLeod builds up this international ferment quite well, though some of her characters are not nearly so persuasive as others; but having done so she seems content to leave it all as a kind of documentary. A sort of message is suggested that never comes through. Apart from a girl who has had a brown baby which she didn't oughter and brightly informs us she is a refugee from her class, the British types are farcical, behaving either idiotically or abominably (particularly to Jews and foreigners), and at one point I suspected a cosy whiff of fellow-travelling; but then the chief exponent of Soviet bliss turned out such an unpleasant ass that the politics seemed to cancel out. Naturally the refugees found it hard to assess the rosy offers

**PUNCH IN THE THEATRE**

A light-hearted historical record of the theatre over the past one hundred and seventeen years in the form of *Punch* drawings and caricatures is on exhibition at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford, and the Playhouse Theatre, Nottingham. The exhibition will tour the country, staying for one month at most of the principal repertory theatres. In London an exhibition of original theatre drawings from *Punch* is on display at the Saville Theatre.



*Dear Augustine*

Trudi Polachuk—ANNE BLAKE



coming from East Germany; some accepted them at their face value, others didn't. In any case this scarcely made a theme. So in the end we were left with a rich assortment of social ingredients still sitting, as it were, on the kitchen table, as if the cook had grown tired in the effort of collecting them.

The Leatherhead Rep, the Royal Court's latest visitors, stood loyally by

#### REP SELECTION

With startling unanimity most reps still open during the holidays begin with *Dry Rot* on August 4th.

Miss McLeod and emerged with considerable honour. The hub of the evening was the careworn, spirited landlady, and Anne Blake played her with consistent drive and sympathy—and also with an unfaltering accent. There was a number of sound, careful character sketches, from Basil Moss, Sonia Graham and Christine Tollon in particular. In pace and business Jordan Lawrence's production was helpful (though his traffic noises seemed curiously intermittent for Notting Hill), and I liked Gillian Armitage's shabby sets.

#### Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

*Expresso Bongo* (Saville—30/4/58), musical satire on the crooning racket. *Roar Like a Dove* (Phoenix—2/10/57), still a funny comedy. *Living for Pleasure* (Garrick—16/7/58), mild but pleasing revue enriched by Dora Bryan.

ERIC KEOWN

#### AT THE PICTURES

*Harry Black*  
*No Time for Sergeants*  
*Merry Andrew*

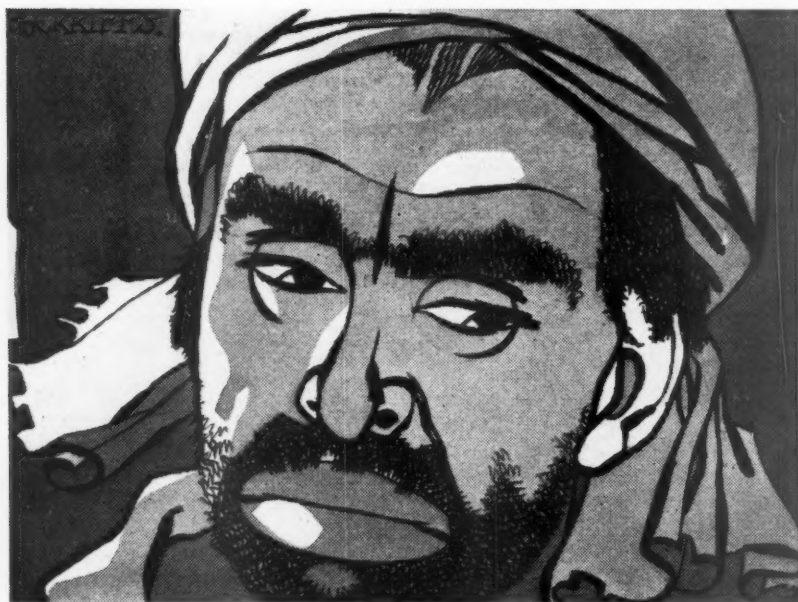
THE first-rate visual quality of most of *Harry Black* (Director: Hugo Fregonese) makes one weak spot the more noticeable and irritating. Most of the story is laid in India, and the location scenes there are quite superb; but after a time it is judged that we wish to be shown in a flashback actual pictures of an incident that involved the picking of a small flower in Scotland some years before. This incident has been referred to in dialogue, and all but the most dull-witted of us have guessed more or less what it was; to have left it as a hint would have been far more effective. But no, we have to see the presentation of the flower by the man to the woman when they actually are in Scotland... or rather (this is the trouble) when they are very obviously playing the episode not in Scotland but in front of back-projected Scottish scenes. Back-projection, particularly in moving-car shots with people's shadows on the seats remaining stationary, is bad enough in black-and-white, but in Technicolor and Cinema-Scope, and planted in the middle of magnificently real location shots, it jars one into annoyance.

But perhaps not for long, because this is a good film, and as I say the visual quality of most of it (photography: John Wilcox) is unusually fine. The central character is a tiger-hunter (Stewart Granger), and to say we watch him at work gives a quite inadequate idea of the hunting scenes: the eye of the camera

ranges over a tremendous area, and often we watch the hunt from the viewpoint of the splendid man-eating tiger itself, or over its shoulder. How they got these shots, goodness knows; the important thing is that they don't look faked, whereas one or two of the far simpler ones do. And the hunting scenes are integral to the story, not merely decorative.

It is basically a simple story, for which the man's name makes a rather dull and unrevealing title; though the point of it does depend on the solid worth of his character. He lost a leg escaping from a German prison camp; he loves the wife of the man whose loss of nerve was the cause of his wound; he meets them again in India; but he sacrifices his hope of happiness (for there she shows that she loves him too) for the sake of her... not happiness, she admits, but *contentment* with her husband and little son. This theme is developed and worked out admirably in and through scenes involving those tiger-hunting episodes that make the film so interesting and attractive—and, often, exciting—to watch. The people are not complicated or subtly realized but they are more than types. Mr. Granger has a more rewarding part than he has had for a long time, Anthony Steel is good as the weak man who does not deceive himself about his weakness, Barbara Rush is beautifully understanding (with one brilliant emotional scene) as the wife, and I. S. Johar is amusingly memorable as Harry Black's faithful and affectionate tracker.

Again this week there are two films that illustrate different ways of trying to arouse laughter, and the fatal effects of over-emphasis. Any Danny Kaye film ought to be at least as funny as a version of a stage comedy about a simple-witted member of the armed forces, but in the event I found that only one scene in the Danny Kaye film gave me a real belly-laugh, whereas I rocked with laughter during a great deal of the other, *No Time for Sergeants* (Director: Mervyn LeRoy). The only trouble with this is that after beginning as a character comedy, the hero (Andy Griffith) being a thick-headed hill-billy of enormous good-nature, it is annoyingly exaggerated towards the end by mere sledgehammer slapstick. For most of its length the perfect performance of Mr. Griffith and the skilled presentation, invention and timing of the incidents in his career in the Air Force produce solid gold laughs; even the final exaggeration can't spoil this. The trouble with *Merry Andrew* (Director: Michael Kidd) is, mainly, that it wastes Danny Kaye in a part in which any competent comedian could have been no less funny. Other objections: many of its effects are lost on an English audience, being slightly boss shots at things Americans regard as comically English; the film is drenched in a deadly *forced*



Bapu—I. S. JOHAR

[*Harry Black*]

liveliness and playfulness, as if it were aimed at children and saying to them "Oo! isn't this fun!"; the tunes are commonplace; a lot of the attempted laughs (including the one that did succeed, for me—the ringmaster's costume that inflates itself and fires rockets) are mechanical gags, involving no character or humanity. I'd happily see most of *No Time for Sergeants* again, but I hope I never have to see *Merry Andrew* again, Danny or no Danny.

\* \* \* \* \*  
**Survey**  
 (Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

As usual before a bank holiday weekend, it is hard to be sure about the London shows. You can probably still find *Ice Cold in Alex* (9/7/58) and the very different, rough but powerful Finnish *The Unknown Soldier* (23/7/58), but the only certainty is *Around the World in Eighty Days* (17/7/57).

Among the releases is *The Vikings* (23/7/58), a lively slice of hokum one doesn't take seriously. With it is *The Travel Game*, one of the short documentaries mentioned in "Survey" 16/7/58.

RICHARD MALLETT

## AT THE OPERA

*The Government Inspector*  
 (SADLER'S WELLS)

IN one of Tolstoy's novels, a youth in love with love gets up every morning saying to himself, as we all did for that matter, "To-day I may meet her," her signifying the unique, predestined and adored girl to end girls. In the same way, whenever some new opera composer rings the bell in Central Europe, battered but hopeful English operagoers tell themselves, as they hang up their hats for the belated London premiere, "Perhaps tonight I shall meet him," him signifying the long-awaited Verdi, Puccini or, come to that, Leoncavallo of our time.

Always we crawl away from the Wells, or the Royal Opera or, more typically, some Y.W.C.A. hostel-theatre, with faces as long as tubular bells. He remains a mirage. It was so with Sutermeister, Liebermann and Carl Orff; so it is now with Werner Egk.

*The Government Inspector* is the translator's title for *Der Revisor*, Mr. Egk's own libretto after Gogol's satire about bureaucrats, bribes and just how gullible people can get. The New Opera Company's production (directed by Anthony Besch, designed by Lionel March, conducted by Leon Lovett) had its raw edges on the opening night and is in any case over-buffooned.

But these aren't the root troubles. What killed Mr. Egk's piece for me was the utter flatness of vocal writing that takes in all sizes of ensemble up to nonet. If Gogol's characters cannot be given valid tunes to sing there is no point, so far as I can see, in having them sing at all. Mr. Egk's orchestra makes

some uncommonly pretty sounds but never really gets weaving, building or arguing.

*Der Revisor* is going great guns in Germany, it seems. All I can say is that some people are, musically considered, easily pleased.

CHARLES REID

## ON THE AIR

### Rough Justice

AMONG the more diverting treats the little screen has to offer these days is the performance of a gentleman (I believe he is described as a newscaster) in "The Verdict is Yours" (A-R), whose bizarre function it is to sit in an ante-room of the imaginary court and pretend to be beside himself with excitement about the progress of the trial. He does it very well, which makes the whole thing even more ridiculous. "In just a few moments now," he tells us in that hushed, urgent, breathless way that American newscasters have with them, "the jury will return and give their verdict on Nelly Plinge. Will she be found guilty or not guilty of stealing those twelve cakes of scented soap?" (We see that he can hardly wait. The trial has taken a lot out of him. The Crippen case had nothing on this for drama and suspense. He's going to need a good strong whisky as soon as he can get those headphones off.) Then we have our usual glimpse into the frenetic bedlam of commercial-land, and before we know where we are the jury is filing back, and Nelly is guilty, or not guilty, and we thought so all along, and on reflection we find we didn't really care a twopenny mop, and we can't understand what had the newscaster in so much of a tizzy.

Although my spies tell me that this programme is American-inspired (I could name three programmes which are not, if I really put my mind to it), it should go a long way towards dispelling the widespread notion that the proceedings in our courts of law are thrill-packed pageants, full of tense moments and fascinating ritual. The fact is, as "The Verdict is Yours" proves only too amply, that the vast majority of trials are deadly dull. In this series, apart from being dull, they verge frequently on the incomprehensible, since there is no script, and actors and actresses act like mad in the witness-box, so that every man jack of them seems to be hiding something pretty fishy. As for our learned friend Simon Kester, when he is not browbeating the witnesses (defence or prosecution alike, it's all one to him) he is hectoring them; sometimes, for good measure, he will badger them as well. When he has brought the affair to another of its grinding, uncomfortable halts, bogged down in some obscure side-track, he sits down in triumph and shuffles his papers—only to come bounding back to his feet a moment later to



[The Verdict is Yours]

SIMON KESTER

indulge in a haughty exchange with the presiding judge over a point of law. (He obviously takes a poor view of the judge, and thinks nothing of browbeating him too if he gets half a chance. In fact on more than one occasion he has come within an inch of cross-examining him.)

The really fascinating thing about these bogus legal romps is how every trial is sewn up so neatly in three sessions of half an hour each. Or, if it comes to that, how it is sewn up at all. However, as a production job (direction Max Morgan Witts) the programme is splendidly ingenious, and it gives employment to a large number of actors and actresses who are good at sitting about in court and seeming to have some function.

I have watched three stories in the series "The Sky Larks" (BBC), and I should like to offer some constructive criticism. For one thing, the dialogue smacks of the good old *Boys' Own Paper*. If this was intended it seems an unpardonable liberty. It could be remedied by writing the rest of the series with grown-up viewers in mind. But the whole series has already been written? Then constructive criticism will serve no practical purpose. All that remains to be said is that the scenes of life in the Fleet Air Arm have documentary interest, that much of the acting is unbearably tedious, and that the whole project is foundering week by week.

HENRY TURTON



### Where the Money Goes

**A**VERAGES can be infuriating. Every quarter the Government's Central Statistical Office publishes in considerable detail the global amount spent by the inhabitants of these islands on food, housing, tobacco, drink, clothing, etc. Nothing should be easier than to deduce from these figures what the average household spends on its housekeeping bills, and how it spends it. And yet, let the exercise be attempted and every Briton will refuse to believe that the experience of his own household bears any resemblance to the average.

The reason for this is no doubt provided by the split-up of these global figures. They show us to be on the whole fairly free and easy with our money. On the basis of the latest annual figures the average household in Britain spent just on £20 a week (remember that in a large number of households there is more than one wage earner). Where did that money go? The biggest item was on food, which seems to have taken about £6 3s. a week. The next was on drink and tobacco, which between them seem to have consumed £2 12s. a week (this of course is the item that draws the roar of angry disbelief). After that comes housing, fuel and light with £2 7s. Some way after this comes the expenditure on clothing, furniture, radio, travel and the rest.

The latest of these statistics are those for the first quarter of this year. A comparison of the global amounts with those for the corresponding periods of last year shed a revealing light on changes in social habits. They are a most useful guide to those trades and industries that are doing well. They also have considerable investment significance, because the level of turnover indicated by these figures will be reflected in the profit and dividend figures to be published a year hence.

First a word about the grand total, which is on all counts most reassuring. Personal spending in the first quarter of this year amounted to £3,461 million, an increase of £232 million, or 7 per

cent, over the figure for the first quarter of 1957. No sign of slump here or of money being more tightly held in the pockets of the people. It is true that part of the 7 per cent increase measures a rise in prices, but it is only a small part.

The split-up of these totals is also the mirror of a country enjoying a high level of well-being. Where in fact did the extra spending go? Almost all items are up but the increases in certain directions are quite startling. The amount spent on cars and motor-cycles has shot up from £47 million in the first quarter of 1957 to £101 million. Admittedly, in the earlier period we were still under the shadow of Suez and its petrol rationing, but even allowing for this the comparison illustrates the spectacular boom which persists in the British motor-car industry.

Tobacco sales withstand all the scare



### Twelfth Night

**B**EING in the presence of grouse has the unnerving effect of the virtually impossible actually happening. They have the prestige of the much talked about but seldom seen. And they do little to help the shooter in his butt, whose gun is no stimulus to morale, by the manner of their appearance. Besides being more famous, grouse are more sudden than other birds. For nearly a full turn of the calendar they lead hidden lives in wild distances where few men go. Then on this hallowed morning each year, at the wave of a flag somewhere above the 1,000-ft. contour, they erupt out of the everywhere into our consciousness.

Their arrival can be described only as eruption. At first you seldom see them, however hard you stare into the great miles-wide bowls of purple heather, the grouse's native element. But you know they are there. The old cock grouse tell you that, saying Go-back Go-back with indignant distinctness, while drawing ever nearer. Then within seconds they have come and gone with a rush of sound as the hard wing beats rip the air, leaving a paralysing sense of wonder. There, for fleeting

talk about the dangers of heavy smoking. They have risen in these two periods from £229 million to £240 million. The corresponding figures for alcoholic drinks also show some rise from £195 million to £204 million. The expenditure on housing has leapt from £282 million to £322 million and will rise further as rent decontrol is extended. Whether our economic masochists like it or not, these figures build up a picture of a prosperous and high-living country.

In investment terms they suggest the shares of such companies as Fords, British Motor Corporation, Imperial Tobaccos, Carreras, Dunhill, Distillers, Gilbeys, Taylor Walker and, in the Property field, City of London and Land Securities. A portfolio built around these should in due course reflect the increase in turnover in their business.

LOMBARD LANE

\* \* \*

moments, are the hitherto invisible presences—grouse. Head high, like cricket balls from a hostile bowler, swinging in the wind, pell-mell, their scarlet wattles a flash of vivid reality at last, they come as rumour suddenly changed to fact. Men who have travelled a thousand miles, incurring much expense, are frozen into inaction at this initial meeting. Most of the season's opening shots are fired in salute rather than in attack.

Grouse shooting is one of sport's many contradictions. No man goes north to kill them who would not prefer to see living grouse than dead ones. A dead grouse is just another course at dinner, and an over-rated one; a live grouse is the spirit of the freedom of the moors, of good companionship, of a way of life, of a common purpose.

So the first day ends in private inquests, with Scotch-and-soda to mitigate the findings. The Highland air has blown away the last dust of Town, and to-morrow the harvest will be gathered in greater earnest. To-day the slopes were steeper than memory had them, and breath came short, for there was another year to carry up the hill. To-morrow will be different; one moorland day takes ten years off. To-day the heather held its secrets late. To-morrow the rhythm of the drive will be recaptured, and we shall see the birds in time to do justice to the beaters, whose winking flags tell of rough miles covered in the hinterland. All we ask is a fair encounter, and a chance at the end of the day to meet with self-respect the magisterial eye of the head keeper. WILSON STEPHENS



# Essence of



# Parliament

IT is a rare thing for the Lords to meet on a Monday and rarer still for them to meet at 11.30 in the morning. How long it is since play at Westminster started at such an hour I should not care to say. But whatever they do they do in a lordly way—two hours for batting and then a civilized luncheon interval—none of this scrabbling for fish and chips between speeches which one gets in the Commons on a Friday—and then at tea-time they drew stumps for the day and went off to have tea with the Empire Gamesmen. Everything seemed admirably in proportion, but I do not know that the debate amounted to very much. Every noble lord was mainly concerned with congratulating every other noble lord on not having said anything which could possibly annoy anyone—except of course foreigners. Lord Templewood said it quietly and Lord Henderson said it mournfully and Lord Hailsham said it bagfully. “Where do we go from here?” asked Lord Hailsham in ringing tones, and marched off to the dining-room. After luncheon Lord Jellicoe came to the crease to make not a duck but a maiden. His was by general agreement the outstanding speech of the debate. He spoke with authority on Irak, for he had been secretary to the Baghdad Pact organization and warned their lordships that the new Irak Government had come to stay. He was followed by Lord Salisbury, who thought that the Russians had not wanted a high-level conference but were now frightened into supporting one by the strength of British policy—a curious view. Sir Fitzroy Maclean was at the same moment telling the Commons that the Russians did not want a hot war because they were doing so well out of the cold war, and there seemed a good deal more in his

argument than in that of Lord Salisbury. Lord Strang, who had seen something of them, did not think much of high-level conferences.

On Tuesday the Lords, warming to their new habit, met again in the morning. Lord Attlee spoke. Russians, he thought, “have not a great deal of manners.” It was all wound up after luncheon by Lord Kilmuir in a speech whose poverty of vocabulary rivalled even that of Lord Attlee himself. “Oil is what can make all the difference,” thought the Lord Chancellor. He “liked to contemplate the possibility of further things happening in the future.” Their lordships then turned to the Finance Bill. There were on the back Opposition benches five noble lords, of whom no fewer than two were awake. “Our berth is but a sleep and a forgetting,” and if lords cannot go to sleep in the House of Lords where can they sleep? But noble lords before they go into the Chamber should have their heads screwed on tightly enough so that they do not loll over sideways when they snore.

Among Commoners luck does not seem to be running poor George Brown’s way these days. He had a chance to put himself back on the pretty with his party in the Defence debate. He talked a lot about the differences between the Minister of Defence and the Service Ministers, but firstly, no one cared; secondly, it was obvious that if Mr. Brown came to power he would ride just as roughshod over Service Ministers as Mr. Sandys; and thirdly, Mr. Brown is hardly the man to suggest that it is necessarily a mortal sin for a front bencher to quarrel with his colleagues. Mr. Brown, said

Mr. Nigel Birch, “had a voice like a circular saw and a brain like a feather.” It was perhaps a little unkind, but then Mr. Birch is a little unkind. Mr. Brown was like one of those first-class batsmen, complained Mr. Head, who stay in for an hour and score only four runs. Anyway he and his four runs were soon forgotten, as the real debate developed immediately after he had sat down. That debate was between Mr. Head, the late Minister, and Mr. Sandys, the present Minister. Mr. Head, burying his face in his hands from time to time in embarrassment at what he had to say, quoted the Hull Committee to prove that we could not fulfill our com-

mitments with an army of less than 220,000. Mr. Sandys’ 165,000 was, he said, merely a guess at what we might get so as to give an excuse for abolishing conscription. The danger, if we had not enough troops, was that we might drop an atom bomb for lack of anything else to do. He would like a National Service Act put on the Statute Book so that whatever Government might be in power would be able to reintroduce conscription should it in the future prove necessary without political embarrassment. Mr. Crossman thought that there was something in this, and Colonel Wigg, Mr. Head’s old antagonist, who now seems almost to have gone into business with him, accused Mr. Sandys of having “cooked the books.”

PERCY SOMERSET



Mr. George Brown



Lord Hailsham

“Johannesburg.—Boniface Mbambo was found to be the man without fingerprints when he went to have his prints taken like all other Rhodesian natives who work in South Africa. Experts said Boniface’s prints had been rubbed away by hard work . . .”

Evening News

We’ll stick to gloves.

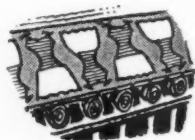
FOR  
WOMEN



## Democracy in Fashion

"MORE of the people are better dressed than ever before; there is democracy in fashion." Thus Mary Lewis, Director of the Fashion Board of Sears Roebuck with headquarters in New York and branches throughout the States and Latin America. This influential lady, who sways the inexpensive silhouette of countless thousands, is in the tip-top salary bracket for women, of which the top-most tip is the 100,000 dollar salary attributed to Dorothy Shaver of Lord & Taylor. As Mr. Brown the Bear said "That's pay, real pay."

Mary Lewis was in her home-from-home suite at Claridge's. Blonde but not dazzling, she was wearing a simple blonde chemise. Everything about Miss Lewis is quiet; even her bracelets do not jingle-jangle. By whatever method she got to the top, it was not by raising her voice or putting her foot down loudly. She has been in Europe these last few weeks for the autumn fashion collections, but not to buy. It is impracticable to order imported clothes for her store, even from our inexpensive wholesalers, because the Sears Roebuck prices are very low and import duty very high. And she does not buy for her personal wardrobe because she believes women should get their clothes in the country in which they live, otherwise they do not look right. Accessories are different: she always buys a year's supply of gloves in Italy. She does not wear hats, but if she did she would get them in Paris. At home she buys her clothes retail, in shops where she is known, and sometimes gets things made for her by the Sears Roebuck designers who interpret the Paris line for the American masses.



So reticent, so *piano* to meet, she is forcefully decisive by cable. Last year, for instance, she cabled New York from Paris to hold up production of the Sears Roebuck catalogue (a colossal volume weighing 6lb. and having 1,500 pages) because she had sniffed a coming change in the fashion wind. Normally the spring catalogue plans are completed by mid-May of the preceding year for publication on December 28; but she held this one up until the end of August to await the revelations of the Paris collections at the beginning of that month. And her fashion senses had not deceived her: the wind *did* change, the silhouette was radically altered; skirts went up to the knee, and the natural waistline was abandoned. On such long-distance hunches does the success of her job depend. One item in the catalogue may sell 20,000 units, and a third of the estimated sales have to be

manufactured in advance; it is a major sin to be unable to meet the orders which are placed by mail, by telephone, or through the Sears Catalogue Sales Offices in nearly every town. It is only a minor sin to be left with unsold stock.

Sears Roebuck were the first shop in Mexico to put tickets on their goods instead of leaving the price to bargaining. They introduced blue jeans throughout Latin America; and these, says Miss Lewis, together with the money they have invested in men's and women's clothing factories in Brazil, are visible proofs of the results of democracy. It was Miss Lewis herself who put every woman into a shirtwaister dress and made it the classic of the American woman's wardrobe. This year she has laboured to get them out of it and into

beltless sacks and chemises, against a strong tide of resistance. American stores buyers are like English ones, it seems; generally speaking their taste is a year or more behind that of the fashion-conscious public. They resist change. And men resist change. So also, oddly enough, does the college girl. The reason for this is that college girls are now marrying very young, and "going steady" with one boy from schooldays onward. Once a girl's mind is on marrying, her clothes become conservative. This is confirmed by Teddy Tinling, the English sports designer for international tennis stars. He says that as soon as a tennis girl becomes engaged she asks him to make her tournament frocks longer. The television girls are yet another influence in America against short skirts and plain tops. The clearly delineated and well-embosomed bust is their most valuable stock in trade, because not much else appears: lower-limb appeal is wasted. So the television girls spend much of their screen time running down the new fashion lines which are so severely simple at the top, so subtle and seductive at the bottom.

There are all these retrogressive influences at work; and there are no leaders of fashion in Society. Even actresses and film stars do not now set styles—the last influence of that kind being Grace Kelly, with her ladylike look. It is left to the *avant-garde* young working girls to seize on to new fashions; and, indeed, they could not wait for the chemises and sacks to get into the shops but were running them up for themselves and getting wolf whistles from fashion-conscious truck drivers long before Bergdorf Goodman could say Balenciaga. Not that they ever have very long to wait for a dilution of Paris to arrive at Sears Roebuck. Their democratic Prime Mistress of fashion sees to that. ALISON ADBURGHAM

### Pension Miramar

YES, we had a wonderful time. Real French cooking, you know: lobster every day. It's a pity John couldn't eat shellfish. Well, only for three or four days, but then he was up and about again, and almost his usual self. But they *couldn't* have been kinder: they let us have a bath, they let us bring *kettles* of hot water to the annexe, they even let us hang up the washing in the boiler-house. Well, dear, a room's not a palace, after all, and where else could we hang it when it was raining? No, I didn't say *torrents*: it was only drizzle; and the last three days were simply wonderful. Of course we had to spend the last day speeding back to St.-Malo with our *ill-gotten gains*. No, nothing at all in France; but they were a little sticky at Southampton. And my dear—are you there?—the *funniest* thing: when they rummaged through our cases they found an old shirt that didn't belong to us: it must have got mixed up with John's new one in the boiler-house. I'll have to post it back to the Pension Miramar. Yes, Miramar. M for marvellous. My dear, you should go there next year: there's nothing like France. Take it from me: you'll have a wonderful time.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

### Buckets and Spades

"SEASIDE sand-building," comments a Town Clerk, "has hit the doldrums. Three or four miserable patted-down mounds with American flags on top—plus the out-throw from those idiotic holes people have tea in—now represent a fair day's work for a crowded beach. Come on, you seaside mothers, bring a breath of fresh air to this once glorious art and pull Britain ahead again!"

It's a challenge. Why not, this year, scrap that stifling "castle" tradition—after all, who in the real world can afford to live nowadays in a moated tumulus with puddings round?—and give your beach the contemporary look?

Start with a simple housing unit. Make an oblong like a low-slung tomato soup carton and get the kiddies to pat it rectangular. Sketch doors and windows

lightly to suggest nice thin walls, and for realism and the upper-income-bracket touch give it a slap on top to crack the roof and one wall.

Or try a small snob block of flats. Just the same only taller and with a *Flats For Sale* notice if you don't want it to look like a Council job with the wings and luxury finishings missing. Of course there's nothing to stop you doing a bit of Council building—unless it's that nearby deck-chair you're hoping to impress—but remember that any group of subsidized housing units makes a run on dried seaweed shaped like television aerials.

Tired of right angles? An Edwardian country mansion converted for seven noisy young families and one octogenarian recluse is bang up-to-date but, alas! even with a bladderwrack armature the turrets are beyond the sand sculptor. You could sculpt it flat and sideways like the Elgin Marbles, with tiny dustbins and prams and a grotto to suggest the personnel, but mere moulded sandwork is apt to get gambolled over—so why not a modern (post-Palladian) Water Board Headquarters? The deep slit windows in the moulded central massif and the long low wings, with that baffling overall impression of looking *something* but heaven knows what, make it ideal for beginners—and if it doesn't

look like *anything* you can always call it a prize-winning cathedral.

Schools are "out," as plate-glass is not yet washed up whole on our beaches. A gob of tar banged flat makes a pretty roof for a workman's tea-hut—always a dainty addition to a new block of flats.

And when your sand sculpture collapses into a fine stretch of desolate mountain country, what better setting for an atomic factory, if only you had the least notion what one looks like? Alternatively, pat into a neat mound, mould a circle of puddings with a Mickey Mouse bucket, crown with the only identifiable flag in your sixpenny bunch and there's a real bit of contemporary sand-building!

ANGELA MILNE

### Straight from the Book

OF course there are books in my flat! I may be a blonde, a bit slow to respond, But I'm not quite as dumb as all that.

Of course I keep tomes by my bed! Do you think all the Boys would have noticed my poise If I'd never had those on my head?

HAZEL TOWNSON



"But you should see the other dog."



# Toby Competitions

## No. 28—"This Desirable Residence"

COMPETITORS are invited to write a house-agent's advertisement for one of the following properties:

House of Usher	Northanger Abbey
Dotheboys Hall	Doubting Castle
Reading Gaol	Brideshead

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive Toby bookmarks. Entries (any number, but each on a separate piece of paper and accompanied by a separate entry token, cut out from the bottom left-hand corner of this page) by first post on Friday, August 15, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 28, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

### Report on Competition No. 25 (Modern Instances)

A sizable but not very distinguished entry. The target was a new proverb. Two general tendencies were to parody or adapt an old one (especially "Too many cooks spoil the broth" and "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,") or to compose an aphorism which, while apt to some current event, would not stand the test of time. There

was also an inclination to omit the strong note of righteous admonishment which is a feature of most of the old favourites. The winner was:

P. BOYERS  
170 ALEXANDRA ROAD  
PETERBOROUGH  
NORTHANTS

His proverb was:

TV before seven,  
He'll fail at eleven.

Bookmark winners are quoted below:

Better earn than Ernie.  
F. J. Lelièvre, University College,  
Londonderry

Don't count your income before it's  
taxed.  
Dr. R. Pakenham Walsh, Well House,  
Clitheroe, Lancaster

If in the Spring you fire a rocket  
By Christmas feel an empty pocket.  
Lucie K. Wright, Cranham House,  
Cranham, Gloucester.

Parents who spend their nights at the  
Palais must not grumble if their children  
are sometimes presented at Court.  
R. C. Howard, 11 Lovelace Road,  
Surbiton, Surrey



"Lady and Mr. John Crumbshaw."

Better your own bed with poverty than  
the psychiatrist's couch with hire-purchase.  
The Rev. Jerome Hay, St. Benet's,  
Monkwearmouth, Sunderland

The trees provide the handle for the  
axe that hews them down.  
J. S. Collier, 93 Harley Street, London,  
W.1

Expensive films are often cheap.  
J. P. Pinel, 67 Horn Park Lane, London,  
S.E.12

You can push a statesman to the  
summit, but you can't keep him from the  
brink.  
A. A. Gillott, 25 Thamesdale, Whitby,  
Ellesmere Port, Cheshire

Who switches the TV rules the home.  
Miss Lucy J. Grout, 29 Hindes Road,  
Harrow, Middlesex

Viewing all night  
Sees the oculist right.  
W. E. Willsher, 213 Chesterton Road,  
Cambridge

Sour grapes thrive best on gilt off the  
gingerbread.  
Mrs. G. Tweedie Walker, 17 Malcolm  
Road, Shirley, Solihull

Strikes every day  
Keep your bonus at bay.  
H. D. Harvey-Kelly, Cavalry Club,  
Piccadilly, W.1

A pound in the bank is worth two in  
the pools.  
Canon Algernon O. Wintle, The Home-  
stead, Lawshall, Bury St. Edmunds

Wicked waste spells full employment.  
E. M. Wagner, 5 Ferncroft Avenue,  
London, N.W.3

You can't have your deterrent and  
drop it.  
A. J. King, 42 Norfolk Avenue, Watford



"I hope these take the edge off your appetites."

# Diary of a Fashion Model

By Susan Chitty

*The first of a series of six articles recording the hectic life of the girls whose faces are their fortunes*

**J**ANUARY 22nd. V. and A. at 10.0, because we're on location this week (always thought that meant Africa). Fonteyn and Faircatch arrived under a load of dog (furs), followed by a lady who looked just like the Pink Gin Pink Persian's aunt, but she turned out to be the fur's aunt. She was escorting a floor-length mink cape worth £3,000.

Then who should come in but Dolores herself, leaning on a stick. She said "Ever thought of having your snout remodelled?" as soon as she saw me, so I didn't dare ask how she felt. Pox was late, but once he arrived he made up for lost time. He did me in ocelot fondling a Chinese ram, in leopard peeping round a twelfth-century column, and in beaver squatting on the throne of Ch'en Lung (the keeper wasn't looking). By lunchtime he'd got me looking cool in monkey beside Samson slaying the Philistines, detached in opossum before a Florentine altar-piece, and bored in astrakhan by the tomb of Tut-an-kh-amen. Dolores mostly had to be propped against things.

Nowhere to change except behind a glass case, but Dolores didn't seem to mind, although all she wears is two bits of Elastoplast. Says what the hell's the use of a bra when nothing you model has a front, sides or back.

Afternoon doing dresses in Berwick Street market for the "More Sense than Shekels" feature. Rather public compared to V. and A., standing in front of stalls with a basket and making "Shall I, shan't I?" faces at apples and things. Followed by a crowd of barrow-boys, but Fonteyn didn't seem to mind and cracked lots of saucy jokes with them. She was full of brain-waves for improving the cheap dresses, and every time she had one she'd say "That'll

fox 'em" or "Poor mutt that falls for this" or "What can you expect for £8?"

One dress was supposed to have a full skirt, but even with six crackle petties it looked mangy ("Old Jollifrock would give short measure for his grandmother's shroud"), so they sewed a bit of cotton thread to the hem at each side and Fonteyn pulled one way and Faircatch pulled the other and it looked lovely. Then there was one that was all right except for a ladybird appliqued on the front, so they took it from the back, and another that was not bad bar the bolero (Fonteyn called it a vile little shrug), so they photographed it without, and another that had a nasty belt but looked jolly good with one from Paris House, and another that buttoned down the front but Fonteyn said only tarts did that so they put it on backwards.

The one that took longest was meant to be slinky, but it was too big for me. Faircatch took in the surplus at the

back with three-bull-dog clips, but the belt wouldn't go any tighter. Luckily I was posing in front of a fruit and veg. stall and the man was awfully nice. He offered avocado pears and bunches of bananas to take up the slack, but in the end a vegetable marrow wedged in the small of my back was just right.

*January 25th.* Fake children's party in studio with me as radiant young mother. Children mostly supplied free by *Fable's* staff (only the secretaries have children. Gather Fonteyn, Faircatch and Gindrinska all married, but they seem to spend holidays with each other.) Clothes from firm called Kiddirigs and the woman from Kiddirigs there too. She was big and brightly coloured and said it was a sin the L.C.C. had stopped her using children. "The kiddies loved it and if they didn't a big bag of sweets soon put that right, and look at the money they were making."

There was a tea-table laid and some



of the food was real, but the party was awfully sticky at first. The children kept trying to get behind things and saying "Wannagome" until half-way through Fonteyn whispered "The Lord forgive me" and slipped a packet of pep pills into the lemonade jug. Then they went mad. There was a specially wild little boy in red velvet drainpipe trousers and a frilly shirt called the Hon. Corydon. Faircatch had borrowed him from a friend. He formed all the other children into a train and then hurtled them round the studio squealing like a piglet at feeding time. Whenever he passed me (trying to look like a radiant young mother) he would throw up my skirt shouting "'Ow many petticoats?" and he put out his tongue whenever he came within range of Pox's camera. Pox said he was the best subject he'd ever had.

Just leaving the studio when Fonteyn said she had something to show me back at the office. She kept winking at Faircatch as if it was a rather special surprise and we took a taxi though it only takes five minutes at the trot.

When we got there they took me into the room with "Couture Editor. Princess Gindrinska" on the door. I'd never been inside before. It was all done in Pink Gin Pink from the striped walls hung with old-fashioned prints to the venetian blinds through which a pink light filtered. There was no sign of Princess Gindrinska herself, but

Fonteyn said "Welcome to the Womb" and sat me down at the desk while she and Faircatch took up their positions one on either side of me.

The desk was bare except for an empty champagne bottle (*pink* champagne) wearing a hat (it looked as if it had been dragged through a rose-bush backwards—a *pink* rose-bush). Fonteyn lifted one of three pink phones on top of a pink cocktail cabinet and said "Give me her Highness." There was a pause and then I *thought* I heard a foreign voice say "Go to Hell" and Fonteyn nodded to Faircatch and at that moment a little grey man came in with a thick wad of papers.

"Now," said Fonteyn and Faircatch together, "this is your contract!"

"Just initial each page," said Faircatch.

"No need to read it through," said Fonteyn.

"Leave that to us old greybeards," said the man.

A contract! I could hardly believe my ears! I felt like a film star being guaranteed £10,000 a year for the next seven years—though of course nobody had actually *mentioned* money. Think Fonteyn must have mistaken my amazement for hesitation.

"Darling," she said, "the point is Pox is so utterly sent on you that he's determined you shouldn't get into the wrong hands. It's death to a *Fable* girl to be seen advertising bubble gum (look

at poor little Fiona who we discovered before you), even if they do pay better. So he's simply protecting your interests by seeing that while you're fresh—I mean by keeping you to himself for six months. Of course in return we promise to give you all the work we can and pay you at standard rates—that is, standard *Fable* rates."

Of course I signed.

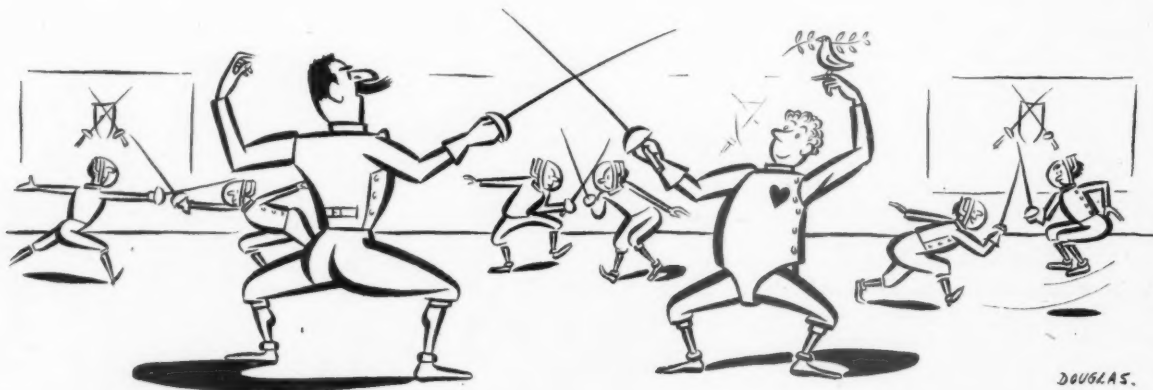
Doug came to dinner this evening and I told him all about it. Instead of being pleased he went pink very slowly from his collar upwards. Then he said quietly but getting louder all the time "So you've sold yourself to that man. In that case I'm going to ask you to marry me for the last time. Either you say 'yes' and never see him again or you never see me again."

Well of course I couldn't accept a proposal put like that, and anyway I *like* being an about-to-be-top model, so he left without even offering to wash up.

Still, I suppose there is one consolation. It does leave me free to start looking for a duke in earnest.

Next week:

Incipient debbery, cocktail-dresses, suits and bags



DOUGLAS.

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